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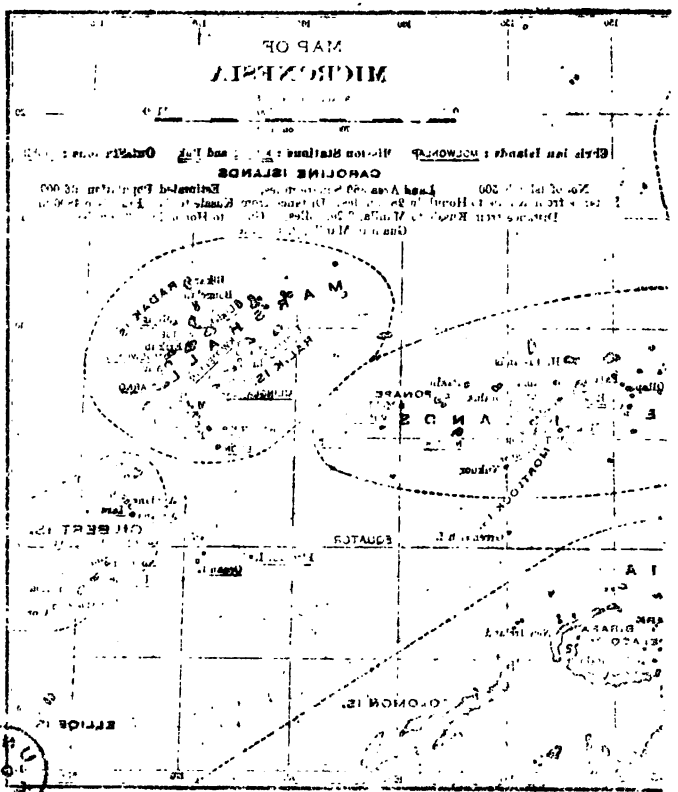

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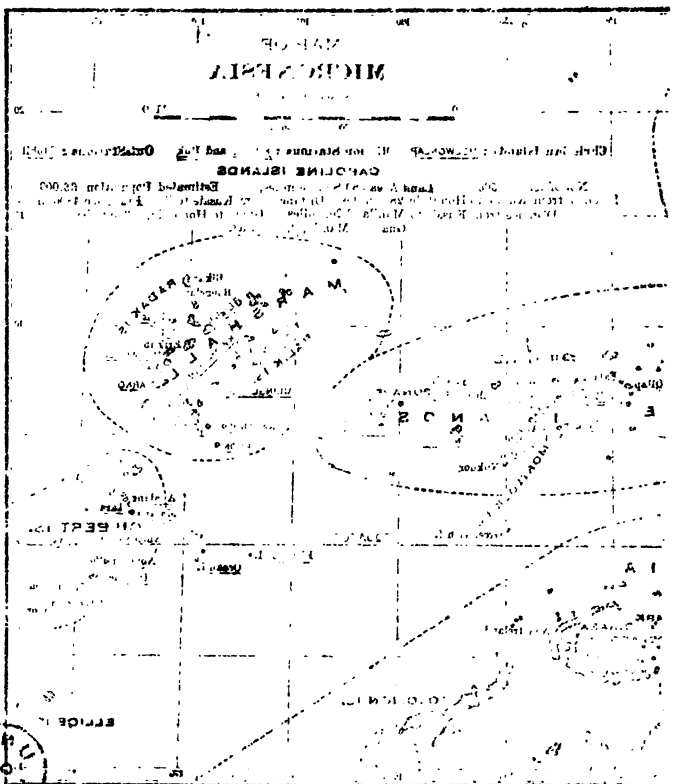

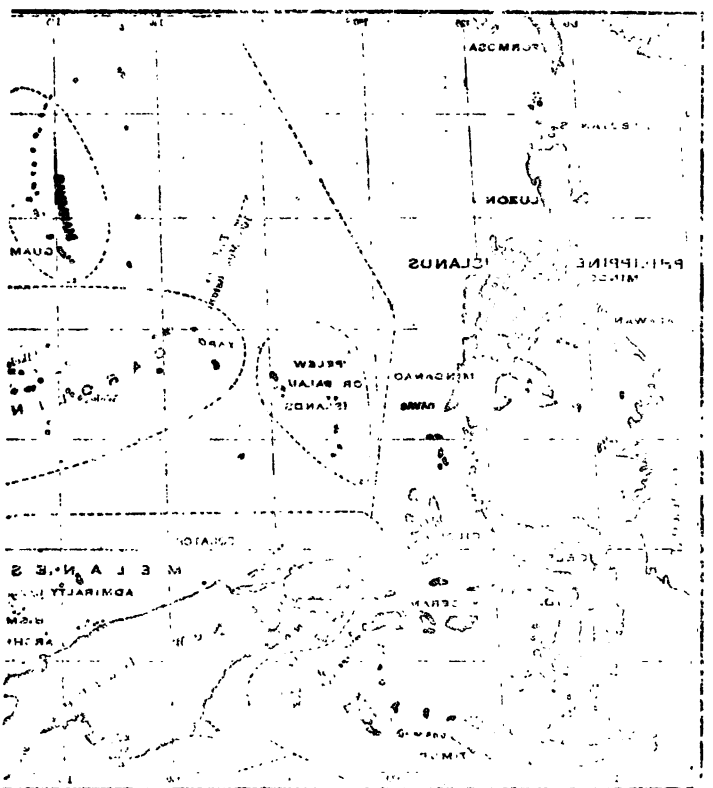
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MARIANAS
ADMIRALTY

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MICRONESIA

FIFTY YEARS IN THE ISLAND WORLD

A HISTORY OF THE MISSION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD

By
MRS. Ella THEODORA CROSBY BLISS
FOR TEN YEARS A MISSIONARY IN MICRONESIA
Author of "With South Sea Folk"

Boston
AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS
FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS
1906

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AUTHORITIES QUOTED

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FOREWORD

Micronesia consists of four archipelagoes, the Gilbert Marshall, Caroline, and Marianas, formerly called the Ladrone Islands, extending from longitude 130° to 180° east, and from latitude 3° south to 21° north. Distant from San Francisco, 4800 miles, Honolulu, 2500 miles, Manila, 3200 miles. Estimated population, 90,000.

The islands in this region of the Pacific, either from greater or more rapid subsidence of the submarine mountain ranges which form the basis of these coral structures, or from the decreasing activity northward of the coral builders, become, as a rule smaller and fewer, and finally cease. Accordingly, except the Marianas, which are all of volcanic origin, and five of the Carolines, the Micronesian Islands, though covering a vast area, are almost without exception very small, low coral formations.

Gilbert Islands: Longitude 172° to 30° east; latitude 3° 20′ north, 2° 40′ south. Discovered by Byron in 1765. About 20 coral islands, the principal of which from north to south are Makin, Butaritari, Apaiang, Marakei, Tarawa, Maiana, Apamama, Nonouti, Tapiteuea, Onatoa, and Ocean and Pleasant Islands, which are near, though not included in the group. Rainfall scanty and soil poor; the only products are a coarse variety of taro, and pandanus and cocoanuts. Fish abound. Natives fierce and warlike; governed by kings and petty chiefs, with councils of old men. Language peculiar to the group, akin to the Hawaiian, and expressed in thirteen letters of the alphabet. In 1892 Great Britain took possession of the group, with a resident Commissioner.

Marshall Islands: Longitude 165° 15′ to 172° 15′ east; latitude 4° 30′ to 12° north. Discovered by Alvaro de

NBL

Saavedra in 1529, and called by him Los Pintatos, because of the fine tattooing of the natives; this is said to be the first allusion to this practice in the Pacific. This group is geographically a continuation of the Gilbert Islands, and separated from them by a channel 150 miles in extent. There are two nearly parallel chains, the Western or Ralik and Eastern or Ratak, of about 25 islands, the principal of which from south to north are Ebon, Namerik, Jaluij, Mejuro, Mille, Ailinglaplap, Arno, Namo, Kwojelein, Malwonlap, Wojae, Aur, Lae and Likieb. Heavier rainfall and better soil than in the Gilbert Group; products are breadfruit, cocoanuts, pandanus and coarse taro; fish abound. Natives fierce and warlike; governed by chiefs. Language peculiar to the group, one dialect in the Ratak, and another, though very similar dialect in the Ralik chain. In 1885 Germany took possession of the group, with a resident Commissioner.

Caroline Islands: Longitude, 135° to 177° east; latitude 3° to 12° north. Discovered in 1528 by Diego de la Rocha; visited in 1686 by the Spanish Admiral Lazeano, and named by him in honor of Charles II. They have also been called the New Philippines. There are about 48 groups, containing nearly 500 islands, varying in size from 6 to 60 miles in circumference, extending over 2,000 miles from east to west, and about 500 miles from north to south. There are 4 high islands; Kusaie, 2,100 feet high, and but 36 miles in circumference; Ponape, 300 miles to the west, about 1,800 feet high, and 60 miles in circumference; 400 miles still farther west is the Ruk Lagoon with its 20 high islands within the encircling reef, rising about 1,000 feet out of the sea. A thousand miles farther west are Yap and the Pelews. The other islands of the group are of coral formation.

Every one of the high islands has a distinct language, and totally different manners, customs, costumes, and government. In 1886 Spain took possession of the group, with a resident governor at Ponape; and retained possession till after the Spanish-American War in 1898, when they were sold to Germany.

The Marianas: Longitude, 145° to 16° east; latitude 13° to 19° north. Discovered by Magellan in 1520, and named by him Ilas de los Ladrones, or Islands of the Thieves, from the thieving propensity of the natives. There are about 15 high islands, covering an area of 417 square miles. The population of the group when Spain took possession about 1640, was estimated at about 50,000.

About 1672 the Spanish ministry decided to abandon the group, and Maria Anna of Austria, widow of King Philip IV. of Spain, offered to give her jewels for the maintenance of the government and priests. The offer was accepted, and they were named in her honor, the Mariana Islands. They remained a penal colony of Spain till the close of the Spanish-American war, when Guam, the largest and most fertile of all the islands, came into the possession of the United States, and the rest of the group was ceded to Germany. Guam is about 35 miles long, 2,500 feet high, 100 miles in circumference. Population about 10,000, principally descendants of settlers from Mexico and the Philippines, with a mixture of native blood.

The Micronesian Peoples: Origin uncertain; said to be a mixture of Polynesian, Papuan, Malay, and Japanese. They are of medium build, straight black hair, brown skin, wide nostrils and thick lips; here and there traces of the Japanese are apparent. Both men and women have long hair, holes in the ears, and are tattooed. In character they are called savage and treacherous; greatly feared by sailors and whalers, as they have the reputation of cutting off ships and murdering the crews. Lying and stealing are common. Immorality is everywhere. They are not cannibals, though it is possible there have been isolated cases of cannibalism. They have been known to tear out the heart and drink the blood of enemies taken in battle. Aged men and women, and children are not ill treated, as a rule.

Their religion is a vague sort of spirit worship. Spirits inhabit certain trees, or small rude stones set in the ground, but uncarved; these spirits are powerful for evil, but not for good. There are priests who perform incantations

and twist leaves to learn the wishes of the spirits; feasts are made for the spirits who inhabit these sacred trees and stones, and for the spirits of their ancestors.

The forms of worship and shades of belief vary slightly in the different groups, but all are exceedingly superstitious, and all are spirit-fearers. There are no idols.

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CHAPTER I

THE PROSPECTIVE MISSION

THE FIELD, VOLUNTEERS, VOYAGE TO HONOLULU, TO MICRONESIA

Some three hundred years ago, a group of frightened natives were huddled together on the shore of a coral island in the vastness of the South Pacific Ocean. Behind them rose the stately cocoanut palms and breadfruit trees, and their thatched huts could be seen just beyond the beach, with the smoke lazily curling upward from the embers of the dying fire on which they had been roasting the breadfruit for their morning meal.

They had forgotten all this, and were watching with eager eyes a strange object that appeared and disappeared on the distant horizon. "It can be nothing but a moving island," a wise old man declared, the like of which had not been seen before, "no, not within the memory of their fathers!"

Nearer and nearer it came, and they were sore afraid. The priests drank ava and besought the spirits to keep the dreadful object away, but their prayers were unavailing. This "moving island" came to a standstill just outside the

reef which surrounded their island, and strange beings came ashore, beings with three-cornered heads, the tops of which they could take off, and from their head to their heels they had two skins: an inner skin which dazzled the eyes of the frightened natives with its whiteness, and an outer skin which was loose from their bodies, and which was of many colors. From between the two skins these weird beings took long shining things which spoke with a loud voice, and every time one of these spoke, somebody died! No wonder the natives were afraid!

While they watched and wondered, one of the strangers climbed a tall, slender cocoanut tree, and lopping off some of its leaves, nailed in their place a bit of crimson and gold cloth, bright and beautiful in the light of the noonday sun, and the natives almost forgot their fear in wondering what it all meant. Now, all the long shining things spoke together, and the visitors returned to their moving island and disappeared over the far horizon whence they had come, while that crimson and gold cloth floated on the breeze, delighting the eyes of the simple island folk with the brightness of its colors for many a long day. But the bright colors faded as the months and years came and went, and the rains came down, and the winds blew upon it, until nothing was left to tell the story of the raising of the flag of Spain over these Caroline Islands but the tradition of the natives, and the queer chronicle of the Spanish buccaneers, as these sailors are supposed to have been.

For the next two hundred years or more, the islands were visited only by an occasional trading vessel or whaler. Men went ashore heavily armed, and shot down without compunction any native who proved troublesome to them. What did it matter? They were only dirty *kanakas!* Native women were taken out to the ships willingly or unwillingly, it mattered not; they were kept there to serve the lust of the scum of civilization, and then turned loose in the islands. Trading-vessels would load up with the tortoise shell, *bech le mer*, and copra, and sail away under cover of the night, congratulating themselves that they had cheated the "oily rascals," and leaving the natives tenfold more savage than they found them. What wonder is it that the next time a trading-vessel came to this island, the natives, to whom one white man stands for all white men, seized the ship and murdered its crew? In America, the owners waited long for its return, and at last it was traced to this island, where the rudder and a part of its furnishings were found. Indignation ran high; these treacherous natives must be punished. A war-ship was sent to the spot, and terrible was the retaliation. And the poor, frightened, bewildered natives who were left thought with bitter hearts of the powerful white folk from over the sea, who would come to their islands and steal their tortoise shell, their *bech le mer*, their copra; burn their villages and ravish their daughters, and sail away, leaving havoc and desolation and anger behind them. And

when the defenceless natives took advantage of the opportunity for revenge, which came with the next ship, they met with summary and awful punishment. Truly the white people were strong, but what savages they were! Even the crude sense of justice in the heart of the south sea islander was outraged.

Up to the middle of the last century, this part of the island world in the Pacific was left to the beach-combers and whalers. Of the former, H. S. Cooper writes, in "Coral Lands:" "I have very little sympathy with many of these gentry, however romantic may be their histories or Crusoe-like their lives. 'Pretty' writing, comparing beach-combers with lotus eaters, or dwelling, as some people have done exclusively, on the poetical side that does unquestionably attach to their existence, is, to my mind, beside the mark. The civilization they introduce is usually of the square-gin and musket order, and they tend to destroy fine races of savages instead of assisting them to approach our level. There are exceptions, but I have a very shrewd opinion that the majority of these 'traders' have views as to the deplorable results, from a 'business' point of view, of the introduction of Christianity." Of the Gilbert Group, he says: "No people have suffered more from the worst examples (of beach-combers) than these unfortunate islanders. Drunkenness, licentiousness, piracy, and murder have been the lessons inculcated among them during the past years by deserters from ships or escaped convicts, to

whom they extended the most generous hospitality. I have questioned old white men who have spent the best years of their lives in these islands, as to how they could live among a people so debased. They have replied: 'Ah, sir, you do not know these natives. When we came among them they were different altogether from what they are now; and even now there is a great deal of good in them,—more than strangers can understand.' The King of one of these islands said to me:

"I have been told very much about the missionaries by the traders; they have said to me, 'Be advised; if you let those missionaries come on shore upon your islands, in less than a year you will not be master over your own people. They will bewitch both you and them, and you will not be able to do anything, only just what they tell you.' They shall never come here as long as I live."

A dark picture. The shadows of heathenism deepened by the presence of men from the lands of light; who knew something of the light, but whose light was darkness; whose lives cast only shadows. It was on this picture that Christian men and women in America were looking, and for these island folk that they were praying when, after considerable correspondence with the missionaries and native Hawaiian Christians in Honolulu, of 1850, the American Board in its annual report made the following statement:—

"Your Committee think favorably of the project of establishing a new mission in Polynesia,

to be supported in part by the contributions from members of the native churches in the Sandwich Islands. The success of the mission already established by the Board in this portion of the Islands of the Pacific, by which in the short period of thirty years a people has been raised from the lowest depths of heathenism to the character and standing of a Christian nation, affords the strongest ground for hope that similar results may be obtained in the other islands of the Pacific.

"Religious efforts that are purely domestic are not enough to keep the graces of a strong church in vigorous exercise. So evidently is a foreign missionary exercise indispensable in those churches, that members of the Sandwich Island Mission have proposed the forming of a new mission in one of the numerous groups of coral islands lying some two thousand miles farther west, either in the Caroline or Kingsmill group, to be sustained in part by contributions and laborers from the native churches at the Sandwich Islands; and the Prudential Committee, entering fully into these views, have recommended to the Sandwich Islands Mission to take the subject into immediate consideration, and if the thing be as practical as it appears to be, to propose such a mission to the native churches. If an exploring expedition is needful it can be performed; but if not, then one or two of the members of the Mission, accompanied by married native Christians might at once remove to the 'Great West' of the Pacific.

"The Islands deemed most eligible for the commencement of a new mission are Ualan, or Strong's Island,* one of the Caroline group, and Makin, or Pitts Island, one of the Kingsmill group. It is presumed that the churches of the Sandwich Islands will be able to support the Hawaiian members of the proposed mission."

In the report for 1851, we read, "Missionaries are expected to sail shortly for the Sandwich Islands, with their ultimate designation to the Caroline Islands in 'Micronesia' should such be the will of God."

It was in November, 1851, that the first missionaries, Messrs. Benjamin G. Snow and Luther H, Gulick. M.D., and their wives sailed from Boston on the "Esther May," *en voyage* to these islands lying beyond Hawaii, and two months later, the Rev. Albert A. Sturges and his wife followed in the "Snow Squall." It was a long and tedious voyage around the Horn, and the missionaries suggested to the Secretary of the American Board that they take the newly opened route via Panama, and so save time and avoid the hardships of a voyage around the Horn. The permission was not granted. "Missionaries to Micronesia, my young brother," was the austere reply, "need the discipline of a voyage around the Horn!"

And so the "discipline" began. Four long, weary months were spent on the "Esther May," from Nov. 18, 1851, to March 24, 1852. The cabin was too small, so a house was added below

* Now called Kusaie

deck, in the midst of the cargo. During one gale they were crowded for thirty-six hours in the cabin in total darkness, while the waves tossed the little ship about like a plaything, and the sailors stood ready to cut away the rigging. It is noticeable that in the accounts of this voyage no mention is made of the food, which must have left much to be desired before the long journey was over. And of minor discomforts, such as rats and roaches, which must have swarmed on the little schooner, where cargo and passengers were in such close proximity, we have no word. If these missionaries needed the discipline, which is very doubtful, they were certainly getting it!

At last, however, they reached Honolulu, and we can well imagine how welcome was the sight of Hawaii's mountains to the weary storm-tossed missionaries. The coming of this little band greatly interested the native Hawaiians as well as the foreign residents of Honolulu, and they had no difficulty in getting helpers to go with them. From the number who offered to go, two families were selected, and this pioneer band, comprising the missionaries from America, and Messrs. Daniela Oponui and Bireta Kaaikaula and their wives from Hawaii, was formally organized into the Mission Church of Micronesia. Not only did this new Mission arouse the churches and the people in general, but even the King became so interested as to write a letter of introduction for the missionaries to take with them, of which the following is a translation:

"Kamehameha III. of the Hawaiian Islands,

A HIGH ISLAND IN THE CAROLINES

Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, Lanai, Oahu, Kauai, and Niihau, King, sends greetings to all chiefs of the islands in this great ocean to the Westward, called Caroline Islands, Kingsmill Group, etc. Peace and happiness to you all, now and forever.

"Here is my friendly message to you all: There are about to sail for your islands some teachers of the Most High God, Jehovah, to make known unto you His word for your eternal salvation. A part of them are white men from the United States of America, and a part of them belong to my islands. Their names are as follows: B. G. Snow and wife; L. H. Gulick and wife; A. A. Sturges and wife;* E. W. Clark,* J. T. Gulick, Opunui and wife; Kaaikaula and wife; and Kekela; H. Holdsworth is captain of the vessel. I, therefore, take the liberty to commend these good teachers to your care and friendship, to exhort you to listen to their instructions, and seek their acquaintance. I have seen the value of such teachers. We, here on my islands, once lived in ignorance and idolatry. We were given to war, and we were very poor. Now my people are enlightened. We live in peace, and some have acquired property. Our condition is very greatly improved on what it was once, and the Word of God has been the great cause of our improvement. Many of my people regard the Word of God Jehovah, and pray to Him, and He has greatly blessed us. I advise you to throw away your idols, take the Lord Jehovah for your God,

* Delegates from the Hawaiian churches.

worship and love Him, and He will bless and save you. May He make these new teachers a great blessing to you and your people, and withhold from you no good thing. Kamehameha."

The first plan was that an exploration be made, but authentic reports coming that the people on Ualan (Strong's Island) or Kusaie, as it is variously called, were friendly to foreigners, and that a whaling captain had been on shore there for several weeks, and had been kindly treated by the people, it was decided that they go forward.

It was late in the afternoon, July 15, 1852, when the farewell meeting was held on the deck of the "Caroline" which was to take them to their destination. A large crowd of natives, as well as foreigners, had gathered, and impressive services were held in the Hawaiian as well as the English language, before the lines were cast off and the long journey southward was begun.

If the "Esther May" was small and uncomfortable, she seemed palatial as compared with the "Caroline;" it was so crowded that they had no staterooms, and were obliged to have the dining table outside the cabin. "As we carried some material for house-building in addition to personal goods," wrote Mrs. Sturges, "our little craft was heavily laden and every inch of space was filled so there was no room on board for exercise. Our Hawaiian cook, who was also steward, did not understand a word of English and knew nothing of cooking; we

three women made all the bread, etc., that ever graced our table, and as we sifted flour and baked in our 6x10 galley, struggling often with sea-sickness, we thought we were getting a little more of the 'discipline' which our dear Secretary thought we needed! However, we were young and strong and bore the hardships bravely. I look back on that voyage as one of the happiest seasons of my life."

After a month of sea and sky they reached Butaritari of the Gilbert Islands. Again, one of their number tells us, "Nothing to be seen but the illimitable sky above, the white sand at our feet, glistening in the burning sun and most trying to the eyes. The people were nearly naked, sitting or lying around in their huts or in the sun, filthy as possible, appearing more like apes than human beings. I thought I was prepared for all the hardships I should meet, but the question came to me again and again, 'how can I endure life for months and years amid such surroundings as these?' And my heart went down, down, lower than my boots, I think! But I wisely kept my own counsel and put on as bold a front as my companions. I think no one of them ever suspected or shared the depths of my desolation."

They found an English trader who acted as interpreter in their interview with the King of the island. A copy of the letter from Kamehameha was presented and after a general conversation the king was asked if he desired his people should be taught the Word of God, or,

as Mr. Randall interpreted it, the "Spirit talk." He replied by asking if this would interfere with their polygamy; but the trader declined to interpret the answer of the missionaries, as he had four native wives!

From Butaritari the "Caroline" went to Makin, of the same group, where again they received a friendly welcome from both natives and foreigners. But they were not to remain there, and on the 10th of August they sailed for Kusaie, coming to anchor in the beautiful harbor of Lelu on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 22, 1852. When they landed on Monday they received a cordial welcome from the king by whom they were greeted with a plain English "good morning," much to their surprise. They gave him as presents "a red blanket, two red shirts, several yards of turkey-red, a pair of scissors for the queen who sat beside him, a Hawaiian Bible and Hymn-book, and a copy of Cheever's 'Island World,' containing a picture of the Kamehameha," whose letter was then read to him, and the desire expressed that some of the missionaries remain on Kusaie. After talking for some time with several men who were evidently chiefs, he said that one of the American families and one Hawaiian family might remain, but no more, and added that he would give them land and put up a house for them. The king, as well as the other natives, seemed disposed to be friendly, but it was very evident that he thought the introduction of so many missionaries at once, before he knew more

of their object and doings, about which he had heard so many contradictory statements, was running too great a risk.

On further acquaintance with this patriarchal king, they became much interested in his character; he had been made king by the voice of the people, after a successful revolt and against his remonstrances, and now they seemed to vie with one another in doing him honor. "I never saw such deference paid to any mere man," writes Mr. Snow, "yet with no apparent haughtiness on his part. He is a model of quiet, unostentatious simplicity. His age is about fifty; he speaks and understands English so as to be able to converse quite well on common themes. I had repeated conversations with him, and was surprised to discover a high moral tone, though on spiritual things he is of course a heathen."

Two years previous to the arrival of the missionaries, a French man-of-war came into Lee Harbor, on the other side of the island, and tried to induce one of the natives to go to France and learn the language and return as a Roman Catholic missionary. But King George, having heard of the doings of the French at Tahiti, would not allow it. All the efforts of the traders and seamen to prejudice him against the missionaries had failed. During their conversation Mr. Snow remarked, "You probably hear bad things of missionaries?" "Yes," he replied, "plenty crooked tongue." Even the king's son when asked, "What do you think of

the missionaries?" had replied without hesitation, "Bad captain tell me 'missionary bad,' good captain tell me 'missionary good.'" They found but three foreigners on the island, and Mr. Kirkland, the most influential of the three, used his influence with the king to have them remain.

They noticed the spathe of the cocoanut-tree was not cut, as was the custom, to procure the sap from which an intoxicating drink is made; on being asked about it the king replied "Plenty white man speak me, very good tap cocoanut-tree get toddy. Me say ,'no; no good.' Plenty white men get drunk on shore, too much row; me like all quiet. No tap cocoanut-tree on Kusaie."

One of the traders told the king that he would lose his authority over the people if he allowed the missionaries to stay. On learning this, they told him that they came to teach the Bible, not to rule, and that the Bible commanded all men to "fear God, and honor the king." He immediately got the Bible that had been given him and demanded to be shown the words; one of the missionaries read and explained the first part of the thirteenth chapter of Romans, in which he seemed much interested. When the words were read, "for rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil," he interrupted the reading and said, "That's first-rate," using an expression which is very common with all who know a little English. The queen afterwards said in her broken English, "The king speak me;

he like your talk very much; he say 'very straight, very good.'"

At last they asked what reply he would send to the Kamehameha, and he said, "Tell him I will be a father to Mr. and Mrs. Snow." So it was decided that they remain on Kusaie.

On the 28th of August the "Caroline" was again ploughing her way through the deep toward Ascension Island, as Ponape was then called. On the 6th of September, they heard the ever welcome cry of "land-ho!" Welcome, even though the little missionary party had some misgivings as to how the natives would receive them, as they had been told in Honolulu, it would be unsafe to go unarmed to this island. About noon, when they were fourteen or fifteen miles from land, several canoes were seen putting out from shore, racing to the ship. They were filled with would-be pilots, and about five o'clock anchor was cast in a beautiful and wildly picturesque harbor; crowds of natives came out to the ship, so that at one time they counted thirty-three canoes.

Twelve white men came asking for tobacco. The high chief of the most powerful tribe on the island, the Metalinim, came to see them; a barbaric prince, whose only dress was a fringe of pandanus leaf. The white man who had piloted them into the harbor acted as interpreter, as the missionaries told the chief why they had come, and so favorably was he impressed that he said "it would be good for them to stop." The chief of the Kiti tribe also was favorably disposed to-

ward them. These two tribes, were nearly equal in number and in power, and much hostility and jealousy existed between them. The missionaries were agreeably surprised at the cordial reception and assistance accorded them by the foreigners. Mr. Lewis Corgat, who acted as their pilot and interpreter, made repairs on the "Caroline" to the amount of more than sixty dollars, and refused pay, saying that "instead of the ship being indebted to him, he was indebted to it for bringing the missionaries."

It was settled that Mr. and Mrs. Sturges and Dr. and Mrs. Gulick, with Kaaikaula and his wife remain here, and the "Caroline" sailed on her return to Kusaie Sept. 29, touching at Wellington Island (Mokil) on the way. Here they were surprised to find a small chapel and the people observing the Sabbath, reckoning its coming by placing a bead on a string for every day of the week, and using a white one for Sunday. It seems that several years previous a resident trader in a quarrel had killed his only fellow foreigner. This roused his conscience and he reformed and tried to help the natives, telling them all he knew of Christianity, which was but little. They did no work on Sunday, and destroyed all their idols. An open door, yet the missionaries may not now enter it, but must pass on to Kusaie, which they reached on the sixth of October. Mr. and Mrs. Snow, with Opunui and his wife, landed, and on the 15th of the same month, the little schooner sailed for Hawaii, leaving these heroic workers to their

island solitude. Of the prospect before them Mr. Sturges writes, "Everywhere the Providences of God anticipated our coming, removed obstacles, and opened before us a wide and promising field. We enter upon our work with strong hearts, feeling assured that the enterprise must and will prevail. God has brought us hither, and introduced us to the friendship and the help of the population. We trust in Christ, determined to go forward, and why should we not prevail?"

CHAPTER II

BEGINNINGS OF WORK

THE ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLES. EARLY EXPERIENCES ON KUSAIE AND PONAPE. SALE OF THE "CAROLINE"

These pioneers among the "Little Islands" of the Pacific were staunch of heart and great in faith, and they needed to be shut off as they were from all outward sympathy and help, in the solitude of their island homes.

In strong contrast to the people were the islands they inhabited, on which the two first stations in Micronesia were located; Kusaie, rising precipitously to a height of 2,100 feet, and Ponape, about 1,000 feet higher, covered with a dense tropical growth from the water's edge to the narrow fringe of trees on the mountain tops, the bolder peaks and head lands clad in vivid green, while between, in the valleys and depressions, are the darker shades. In the valleys are winding rivers, here gliding gently over sandy beds; there tumbling and dashing tempestuously over high rocks in their musical rushing to the sea. No unsightly emblem of death mars the scene, for nature's bounteous hand covers the old trees with a mantle of moss, and from it rise ferns, long and drooping, or tall, feathery spikes, while trailing vines lend their willing aid to make a veritable fairy-land.

Everywhere is greenness and beauty; on the mountains, and in the valleys; from the mountain top to the circle of mangrove trees growing out of the sea on the reef surrounding the ilands, with its ever-changing waters shading exquisitely in emerald and topaz, in amethyst and ruby, over the coral rocks below; and beyond, a half mile from the shore, the waves are breaking over the outer edge of the reef.

On some of the islands the rainfall is excessive, as on Kusaie, which has been called the "headquarters of squalls." During two months of one year (January and February) fifty-one inches of rain fell, and for the year the rainfall was twenty-four feet. The climate though damp, is delightful, and not unhealthful, the average temperature being from 74° to 90°.

The most important products of these high islands are breadfruit, pandanus, bananas in a dozen or more varieties, yam, taro, cocoanuts, sugarcane, arrow-root, sago and soursop; and to a greater or less extent, oranges, limes, lemons, mangoes, pineapples, guavas, and papaia. The soil is very productive and richly rewards cultivation.

The most numerous animals are rats, while dogs, swine, and fowls are in evidence; it is said the latter were introduced by a vessel wrecked in the early part of the present century. Of birds there is a so-called pigeon, and about twenty smaller varieties, with several species of aquatic birds and water fowl. Insects are numerous, and lizards, ants, mosquitoes, and

flies, infest all the islands, high and low, while centipedes, scorpions, and tarantulas are found; there are no snakes.

The people of these Caroline Islands have without doubt a common origin, as is manifested by their physiognomy, religion and customs, and by the radical structure of their languages, of which there are several in the group. Kusaie has a distinct language, spoken only on that island, with a population of about 500; they are a quiet, gracious, and friendly folk, so polite that they will "never break your heart with a bad answer," but, regardless of truth, will say what they think will best please you.

At Ponape there is another language, also spoken on the adjacent coral islands. The Ponapeans are fighters to the backbone, but, like all these children of the Southern seas, are "easily entreated," and can be won and led by kindness while they will not be driven.

At Ruk, there is still another language, with more people, with well-developed fighting propensities, but with vast possibilities of development into a higher life.

Farther West in the Carolines, and in the Marianas, are people speaking other languages, but having the same general characteristics as all these Micronesian Islanders. They are untruthful to the last degree; they are dishonest; to all natives stealing is lawful; and the more a man can get, the better man is he —provided he is not found out. They are preeminently indelicate and indecent. Many of

their customs regarding the dead are unspeakably disgusting, such as preserving the bodies for days and weeks, and carefully daubing over themselves the froth from the mouth of the deceased. The wife will frequently continue to sleep beside the corpse of her husband under the same mat for weeks; and a mother will sometimes carry the body of her infant about with her till it falls to pieces, then she will cleanse the bones and carry them. Indeed, it is common to preserve the bones, particularly the skull of the dead, and carry them about, at times carefully anointing them with oil, and even sharing food with them — though these customs are rapidly becoming a thing of the past, or if not, are practiced so secretly as not to be noticed, which shows some consciousness of wrong.

Heathenism is found in its lowest and most disgusting forms, though it may be said in alleviation that there is little of that deliberate cruelty, and none of that religious sacrifice of life found in many groups of the Pacific. Their religious rites differ in no material respects from those in other groups; stones, the representations of deities, are found everywhere, some of which are so noted as to be the recipients of gifts of food and the prayers of priests.

They were an exceedingly debased and degraded portion of the human family, and to them had gone for the most part, only the most debased and degraded of men from the civilized world. Human life was of little account, and

the name of South Sea Islander carried with it all the horror and evil conceivable to the mind of man. A people without God, and having no hope in this world—or for the next.

Such were the people among whom these missionaries had come to live. Truly the light was shining in the darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not. Would the time ever come when this appalling cloud of heathenism would be lifted?

In this backward look at the early days of the work in Micronesia we must bear in mind the advance that has been made since then. The ends of the earth are brought nearer together in these days of rapid transit. "Globe-trotters" are everywhere, while fifty years ago, it was "creeping" rather than "trotting."

At Kusaie the missionaries' first month ashore was spent in the house of a trader by the name of Kirkland. "Such a mingling together of pigs, dogs, cats, rats, lizards, old barrels, old boxes, ropes, paddles, bottles, guns, rags, old bits of canvas, mosquitoes, etc., etc.," writes Mr. Snow, "we never before experienced. And then the felicity of being in a rainy latitude under a leaking roof, so that while eating we would be obliged to remove our table to a less drenching spot, and while sleeping (or trying to) we would change our pillows to the other end of the bed that they might be kept a little dryer, and let our feet take the shower bath. Add to this, the necessity of boxing, or tying up everything eatable in napkins to keep it from the

legion of ants and other insects, to say nothing of cooking in a little Dutch oven, over a fire of green wood, made on the ground, where at times you would have to wedge your way through a set of lazy, dirty, lousy *kanakas!* Some might think it strange that in such circumstances we could find a daily cup of pleasure, and have hearts to thank God that we were brought to such a place. We do indeed think it a goodly heritage to be privileged to minister to these people."

But in a little more than a month from the day they landed, they took possession of the house built for them on a little islet about 200 feet in diameter, at the extreme point of the small island of Lelu on which the king and chiefs lived. This Mr. Snow named "Dove Island." It was a pleasant location, getting the breeze from both entrances of the harbor—"a great blessing in a climate where the thermometer stood at 80° day and night."

On closer acquaintance King George proved a remarkable man to have lived in the solitude of that savage island. The love and respect of the people for their sovereign was so great that they crouched in his presence, and approached him on their hands and knees. They spoke of him as "good King George!" He did all in his power to help the missionaries. After the first Sunday he gave orders that no more work was to be done on that day, and the command was hailed with joy by the people.

It was on Dec. 22, 1852, that Mr. Snow had his

first public service with the natives in his own house. The king and all his family, several chiefs and a number of common people were present and were very attentive. The exercises were all in English, except as the king occasionally interrupted to explain what was being said. The most important achievement of the day was to induce them to stand erect while the benediction was pronounced, as it is contrary to their custom for anyone to stand erect in the presence of the king or queen. They cordially seconded Mr. Snow, however, as he requested the movement as "a messenger of the Lord." It was a religious victory, and not obtained without a struggle. Some covered their faces, others turned their backs. The following Sabbath there was less trouble, but there was more or less giggling until the king talked to the people, after which they stood and faced Mr. Snow like a civilized audience.

"Their position in prayer is certainly very devout to a looker-on; they sit on the floor, and leaning forward bend quite to the ground, and this excludes all chance of looking about, making them outwardly the most devout and stillest of audiences." The youngest son of the king was sent to live with the missionaries, and was "a guardian angel, as no native would dare to meddle with anything belonging to them while he was there."

On the third Sabbath of December, after the service, the people went out, but soon returned with many others, each bringing a basket of

REV. EDWARD T. DOANE AND HIS PONAPE "BOYS"

cocoanuts or cooked bread-fruit, or both, enough to feed a hundred or more. What induced them to do it, no one knows, but they seemed to enjoy it very much. Mr. Snow, not knowing what else to do, distributed the gifts among the donors. "I thought this the best Sabbath we had seen; the king returned after the others had gone, to inquire more about Jesus Christ. Each Sabbath's labor leaves its mark of advance so as to encourage and strengthen our faith. After a sermon on the Ten Commandments, the king grasped Mr. Snow's hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "We thank you, plenty thank you, very much thank you," in which the queen joined, saying to Mrs. Snow, "Every woman, every gal like plenty hear Mr. Snow talk all same."

The last of January the place of meeting was changed to the king's large cook-house. Mr. Snow had no desk, and sat on a large native tub covered with an old shawl, while Mrs. Snow had an old rocking chair,—the only one on the island—covered with a dingy white blanket. There were about 175 people assembled, among whom were some twenty-five women, clothed in clean gowns, made of a long strip of calico, simply folded over, a hole cut for the head, and the sides sewed up, leaving places for the arms. "This dress, contrasted with the almost naked condition of the others, gives them quite an air of civilization." The king said, "plenty gal like too much come see missionary Sunday,

but he have no shirt, he too much shamed to see Mr. Snow."

On week-days Mr. Snow gathered the people in school, and was surprised at the ready progress they made. At the second term of school he was amazed to find several new scholars who could say the alphabet on the first trial. He learned that the little boys traced the letters with a stick on the sand, thus teaching them to the others who had not been to school.

About this time a schooner was wrecked in leaving the harbor on Sunday, and though the missionaries had made no allusion to Sunday sailing, one of the natives said, "No good, sail Sunday, 'spose sail 'nother day all right." At another time the natives noticed the pleasant weather they had Sunday after Sunday, and one said, "Mr. Snow, what for no rain Sunday, long time? Every Sunday pleasant." One of the chiefs said, "Yes, we think all same, why no rain Sunday?" And added, "Me think God look out."

Before the missionaries had been a year on Kusaie, Opunui, the Hawaiian helper, died suddenly, leaving Mr. Snow alone in his work. We are impressed with the desolation of their island life. "No physician within 400 miles, and nothing but a small open boat to reach him over the pathless deep." No wonder Mr. Snow writes, "I have lost friends at home, near and dear ones, but now my only brother is taken, and I am left alone. There is none to take his place."

In the meantime, on Ponape, Dr. Gulick and Mr. Sturges began their work among the people of the Kiti tribe, living in a trader's house while their own was being built.

"A few days after we landed," wrote Mr. Sturges, "the Nanekin sent a message asking us to hold a service in his feast-house. A large crowd of natives and a number of foreigners came and were very attentive; a sermon was preached in English from 'Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.' We spoke of the tidings which we had brought and endeavored to show why they were 'good.' The Nanekin seemed anxious to understand every word, and repeatedly requested the interpreter to stop for the preacher to explain, and interrupted with 'very good.' He is about thirty years of age, and shows a surprising development of intellect; by his bravery he has made himself *the* man of the whole island. God seems to have raised him up especially for our work." Soon after the coming of the missionaries he was given an English primer, and shown how to pronounce a few words. He thanked them and said to some white men standing by, "I am going to learn English; I am going to make the coopers help me, and if they don't, I'll pound them!" Then he added, "You must ask the missionaries to pray to God to help me learn English."

After a few months it was thought best to divide forces, and Dr. and Mrs. Gulick removed to the Metalinim tribe, where they lived for a

time in the house of a Malay who had two native wives. "In a small house, 12x8 feet in dimensions, and having a central fire-place 4x2 feet, seven persons cooked, ate, and slept. And yet, this Malay lived as well as a large number of the foreigners on the island." At last, however, with the help of two friendly sea captains whose ships were in the harbor, he succeeded in erecting "the frame of a one story civilized house, 30x20 feet in size, with a thatched roof and reed sides and partitions."

More discipline came in the lack of proper food. A half century ago the canning industry was not developed as it now is, and what measure of foreign food the missionaries had was as often a fruitful source of disease as of nourishment. "The flour in the barrels was often so caked by moisture that we had to cut it out with hatchets, and worms an inch long often developed in it numerously."

It is interesting to note their order for foreign food, as sent to the Board:

"1 barrel beef, $18.00; 1 barrel pork, $18.00; 2 barrels flour, $20.00; sugar, $15.00; molasses, $10.00; fish, $13.00; hard bread, $10.00; lamp-oil, $6.00, and $20.00 for small stores."

In these latter days, with all the care used in putting up flour, meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., and even milk and butter, the extreme dampness will too often rust the tins, and weevil and other insects work havoc in their contents. We can the better understand what the missionaries have left unsaid, when the natives, dull of com-

prehension, had yet to learn what the presence of the white men meant to them, and would sell them the native foods only for the trade goods so dear to their hearts, and with which the missionaries were but scantily supplied. The king, however, was very friendly to Dr. Gulick and frequently sent him presents of yams and breadfruit, so they did not suffer.

This necessity of trading brought up the question whether in Micronesia they could maintain the "extreme orthodoxy" of the Hawaiian Island Mission as to tobacco. It began to be certain their houses could not be built, nor could they obtain the native foods without its use in trade. "For my own part," writes Dr. Gulick, "much more time must pass over me, and I must gain much more experience regarding tobacco and regarding human nature, before I can think of making the use of it for the masses, a question of morality and religion."

Later on, Dr. Gulick was compelled to use tobacco in order to get his house built. "I have no doubt we shall be censured, but perhaps you will render your censures as light as your judgments will at all permit, and we will receive them with all humility, yet with consciences void of offence regarding the step. The pathway seemed and still seems very clear, and under the same circumstances I shall probably do the same thing again. Yet I tell you with the greatest readiness that I detest the business more than ever. Since the completion of

my house I have discarded its use and shall not again resume it."

They had not been on Ponape a year when Mr. Corgat, the white trader who from the first had befriended them, died. The blow was a severe one to the two solitary families. "We do not yet know what we have lost in Mr. Corgat," writes Dr. Gulick, "but we shall begin immediately to learn. It is painful to think on the subject. Without him, it is impossible to say what the past history of the Mission might have been. With him, we have lived in perfect security during the most critical period of our Mission. He seems to have been spared just long enough to assist Mr. Sturges and myself to become comfortably settled."

Shortly after Mr. Corgat's death, the Nanekin brought to Mr. Sturges a deed which the captains of two trading vessels in the harbor wished him to sign. He found the deed related to a small island in the harbor which they wished to buy, and which the Nanekin was willing to sell. But he had been deceived as to the contents of the deed. It contained clauses which would give them the whole control of the harbor, and also pledge him to make good all the losses they might sustain; nor was this all. When the missionaries examined the deed closely they found the Nanekin's mark already there, though he and every one else affirmed he had never signed it. This was too much even for a savage chief, and he refused to have anything to do with them. This resulted, unfortunately, in making them

the bitter enemies of the missionaries, and accounts for the only opposition of a serious nature they had met with up to this time.

Much time was necessarily spent on the language, which had never been reduced to writing. As soon as they could talk more familiarly with the people an advantage was gained in getting at their inner life. They found there were really two languages.

"To use words in speaking to and of the chiefs which are appropriate for the common people, would be an insult to them. So different are these words that the diversity creates a new dialect. It is easy to ascertain who the chiefs are, even among strangers, by the language used in addressing them. This royal dialect is the only one appropriate for religious subjects. As we were not of the nobility, we were addressed in common language, and of course had common words in our vocabulary. Now that we have risen somewhat in the scale, especially as we have the entire confidence of some of the chiefs, our language is changing, and the better attention that is paid to us shows the importance of our acquisition. Were ministers at home to use the lowest vulgarisms in their sermons and prayers, the effect would be much the same as the use of common words here in religious conversation." They found the language of the common people had sounds to represent all the bad, but was utterly barren of words and phrases to represent the good—"as barren as are their hearts. To lift this mass of heathenism,

weighed down as it is by an abandoned civilization, the gospel alone is adequate." The people came readily to the preaching services, and on the whole, behaved very well, though they hardly had a service in which some one did not light a pipe and pass it around. A little girl not more than four years old, lit a pipe for her mother, smoking first herself. The woman, after smoking a while, passed it on to another child.

A small house had been fitted up with a preacher's stand, on one side of which was a small enclosure, forming a pew for the Nanekin's family; on the other side, a similar one for the missionaries. The floor in front was covered with clean mats, on which the congregation sat. When they were dismissed there was no confusion. "All retire in perfect order. The men who sit on the left side go first, then the Nanekin and his family, then the women. This order of sitting and retiring was adopted without a word from us, but we see no reason why it may not continue. The attitude of prayer is to bow the head; the lower it is bowed the more reverent it is considered. In most crowds the voice of prayer will hush to perfect silence." It so happened that while Mr. Sturges was praying, he clasped his Bible in his hands before him, not having a table on which to place it. He afterward urged the people to pray, but they said they could not, as they had no Bible, or ava, to pray over! They considered ava as the only means of communication with their spirits, and

always held a cup of this drink in their hands when addressing the object of prayer. At one meeting, when the missionary began to pray to God, a large number of the natives left, fearing they would be hurt. The belief in spirits swarming in the air and returning to earth frequently in human shape, had long kept them in the most fearful bondage. Everything important in life was decided by senseless folding of leaves in a manner common to all the islands. Sometimes the people said, "Ponape people will by and by love Christ; but not now." The fact of a resurrection of the body was one that powerfully arrested the attention of every native, as it was in such strong contrast with their own belief that at death the soul ascends to the region of the supreme spirits, and if it has learned well on earth the performance of religious ceremonies, it will remain there, but if not, it will return to earth and die. At one time, a sick chief asked the missionaries to pray for him, which they promised to do. They were afterward told, with a good deal of satisfaction, that people on the main land had seen a spirit descend on the Notch's little island, and that the spirit was black! This was supposed to be in answer to the prayer of the missionaries, and greatly increased their influence among the people.

It is but seldom that we catch glimpses of the heart life of these lonely workers, so full are they of the people and their needs; it is only occasionally that they write something that impresses

one with their isolation. "We feel the need of something powerful to keep our minds alive in this sleepy land," writes Dr. Gulick; "I hope my order for periodicals will be attended to; my wife and I will dispense with many of the common comforts of life for the sake of having them. Such intellectual stimuli are more essential to us than beef or pork." One can imagine how eagerly they looked forward to the return of the "Caroline," bringing to them word from the outside world. But one day, a strange schooner anchored in the harbor, and with sinking hearts they learned that the "Caroline" was sold. The blow almost stunned them, and it was with a righteous indignation that Dr. Gulick wrote home, "I can hardly see how our friends dared sell the 'Caroline,' not having received a line from us. They must have felt more confident of our safety and exemption from need than we ourselves did. It was a stunning blow when we heard that the only direct connection between ourselves and the Christian world was by their act severed, and that, so far as such a provision was concerned, we were left to sink or swim, as God might please!

"I must confess my own heart fails much as it would should I see a wrecked sailor on some vast rock, around which the angry sea was dashing furiously, and we had no means to reach him. So do the petitions of these people for help sound in our ears, and we cannot get to them. How long shall we be shut up as we

.are? Is it not possible that we may soon be relieved? But I trust your sympathies are with us. You are not of yourselves keeping us bound, it is the want of funds at your command."

CHAPTER III

TRIALS AND SUCCESSES

SMALL-POX. FIRE. REINFORCEMENTS. EXPLORATIONS. THE CORAL ISLANDS

The next years were full of peculiar trials and great hardships. In the spring of 1854, a schooner entered one of the harbors at Ponape with two cases of small-pox on board; the men were landed on a small uninhabited island at the mouth of the harbor, that they might be kept from contact with the people, but in the night some natives went over from the mainland and stole the sick men's clothes! The Nanekin, at Mr. Sturges' suggestion, attempted in some way to isolate those who had the clothes, and the things themselves were destroyed, but all was of no avail; the contagion spread, and the ravages were fearful. Then because two or three of Dr. Gulick's patients died, it was reported that he killed them, and some beach-combers started the story that the missionaries brought the disease, and their object was to spread it by medicines, and then a man-of-war would come and help them seize the island. Dr. Gulick visited a chief who was recovering from the small-pox. "I carried him some food, without any medicine, that I might avoid the remotest occasion for remark. It was both amusing and painful to see with

what suspicions he received my dainties; he examined them carefully, even smelling of them, calling them 'beautiful,' but he could not summon up courage to taste them. This chief carries on conversation in sailor English, and it would be pleasant to hear him, did he not interlard every sentence with profanity which he ignorantly supposes very elegant. Visiting among the sick has become most painful. Those who are well have turned from me in scorn, denying there is any sickness. All meet me with more or less suspicion, and take pains to deceive me. None but my nearest neighbors will take medicine from me.

"One boy has just told me in a very impudent manner that the Ishipau and Wajai are coming to Shalong to shoot me for bringing the small-pox here; there is a long story afloat that Mr. Sturges and I brought it in boxes. I assured my informant that I was afraid of God, the Great Spirit, but not of Ponape chiefs. Afterward, on my visit to the Notch, who is doing well under the influence of inoculation, I asked if he and the other chiefs intended to shoot me. Of course he denied it, saying, Ponape natives are great liars. I told him that love to Christ and the Ponape people brought me here, and that I came prepared to be killed, but I advised them to wait until the whole disease had done its work, and they could judge better how much mischief I had done."

For four long months the disease had its way. "As I sat in a little house the natives crowded

about the two doors, each waiting with eagerness his turn to be inoculated. They were of every age and both sexes. Some of the children shouted lustily, others joined the chorus, and the din was increased when those outside said I was killing them. The Matalinim Nanekin sent for me to inoculate him and one hundred and ten of his people. This is a great triumph, for only a short time ago he was threatening my life. . . . At last, I close my practice amid the ravages of the small-pox, with great thankfulness. My character has been vindicated, and I have increased influence with the people, which cannot easily be destroyed."

We can have no adequate idea of the deadly gloom that hung over them during those awful months of disease and death. The very levity of the natives only the more showed their fear and increased the horrors of the time. The disease was the only topic of conversation on the island. The incessant query was for the last reports from the various tribes, as to the places attacked and the numbers stricken. As one after another the chiefs of the different tribes fell dead, the panic increased. The only travelling had some relation to the disease, either the carrying of the sick to some desired spot to die, or visits to diseased friends to "see them die" and get their property. "I was absent nearly all of every day, and parts of many nights; our domestic was ill or attending his relatives, and Mrs. Gulick lived in almost absolute solitude, being herself unable to labor for the sick, other-

wise than in preparing food for me to take to them. Grass grew in all the paths about us far and wide. We need hardly say that in our utter loneliness, and during the frightful misery of our island, it has served much to sustain us that we could assure ourselves of the 'effectual fervent prayer of American and Hawaiian Christians.'"

A high chief,—one of the worst men in the island, died of the disease. He urged the killing of the missionary at first as the cause of his sickness, but as he grew worse he was anxious to see Mr. Sturges and be inoculated. He might have lived, but at the crisis of his disease, the spirits appeared, saying "Come away, come away." On receiving this order, he was carried several miles, which was too much for his weak body. Such orders for a change of place were almost always given in the later stages of sickness, and doubtless caused many deaths, while many were unquestionably buried alive. There were frequent cases of persons rising from their graves, and this suggested to them the return of the soul to the body after a temporary absence. It was their custom to hurry the corpse into the ground to keep any strangers from looking at it, as this would greatly offend the spirit. All the fears of the living seemed to center in the agency of departed spirits. If one was sick, or met with any calamity, if any noise was heard at night, if anything singular happened, it was the work of ghosts.

Hardly were they relieved from the fearful

strain of the months of battling with the small-pox, when Mr. Sturges' house caught fire, and was burned to the ground with nearly all its contents. Can we appreciate what this meant, the loss of household goods, trade goods, tools, clothing,—yes, and food, everything, in that little island where absolutely nothing could be obtained? Of this calamity, Mr. Sturges writes: "We now dwell in the wilderness and sleep in the woods. Fire has taken from us our dwelling with nearly all its fixtures and conveniences. It originated from the stone flue. Had there been a single native near I might have saved all. Many came when it was too late; some were kind, others enriched themselves with the plunder. In any circumstances the calamity is great; we feel it the more as our native family is sick and dependent upon us. War is pending between this tribe and the one in which Dr. Gulick lives, so there is no communication between us. . . . How many workers have you at home who can carry a child three years old over hill and dale, through sun and mud, conduct a native service one and one-half hours in length, return the same way, preach in the chapel to seamen at ten o'clock, drag a family in a canoe four miles over the reef to a second preaching place; talk to the natives again one and one-half hours, return and preach again to the seamen on ship-board? And then repeat labors nearly as 'big' daily? If you have a good brother among you who can do more than this, then send him on, and I will gladly give him

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my place and go where broken-down missionaries get mended, that I may come back and match him."

And Dr. Gulick adds, "Do you wonder that our hearts are sore? Do you wonder that Mr. Sturges is perplexed as to what must be his next step? Do you wonder that he asks if the indication is that he must leave the island? These are times of great straits with us; it is impossible for us to endure the physical part of our labors. We get no help for anything. Our own hands must do all our work, in doors and out, and if Mr. Sturges' family need medical aid I must propel my own canoe twenty-five miles, under a burning sun, and often against strong winds. Both my wife and myself have frequently been laid aside from mere physical exhaustion. . . . What a year it has been! Over the graves of half our people we humble ourselves for past neglect, and resolve upon future faithfulness. The past is full of warning, the present solemn with responsibilities, and the future big with hope."

In the report for the American Board for this year (1854) they say, "Perhaps God is opening in these islands a wide door for missionary operations." The little band of missionaries take exception to this, and exclaim, "Most emphatically, God has opened here a wide door. And still more would we say, that door He is every day widening! In various ways there are silent and audible calls going up from Micronesia for more missionaries, and we earnestly pray there may be

those among you who will answer by coming. Alas! for Mr. and Mrs. Snow! I fear their lonely disappointment will have proved too much for their health. Why should they have been for three years so neglected?"

But the sorely-needed helpers were even then on their way to Micronesia. Rev. and Mrs. Edward T. Doane and a Hawaiian helper reached Ponape in February, 1855, and the following month began work on the north side of the island, in the Jokoits tribe. They were at once beset with difficulties of a nature hardly to be anticipated. "Not a native boy or girl, man or woman, can we get to do anything for us," writes Mr. Doane. "Our family work I am obliged to share with my wife, and my co-laborers do likewise. I am familiar with the kitchen and the wash-tub. All the out-door work, moreover, I must do. I must go after firewood, bring it home in a small canoe, and then cut it. I must, in short, help myself, if I would be helped, and in this hot climate it requires no little energy to do all that is needed."

And yet, the work was somehow done, and many outlying points on the island visited and meetings held.

Of one of these tours Dr. Gulick writes: "By appointment I have visited a place about a mile and a half distant. This people have no idea of assembling to listen to harangues of any kind, which is one of the reasons why we have not insisted on preaching regularly, as we can effect quite as much by informal services.

There were present in the house of the chief today several members of his family. Before I left they numbered twelve. I commenced with a prayer in Ponapean, then for nearly two and a half hours we carried on an active discussion on Biblical subjects, in which there was much interest manifested. On leaving I offered another prayer. This is the nearest to a Sabbath service I have yet come. At another settlement, also visited by request, I had an audience of forty. It is strange to be particularly inquired of how God is to be worshipped, what offerings may be made, what forms of prayer may be used. It is delightfully strange to find them anxious to know how to count the days of the week, with reference to the Sabbath, and whether a night is to be kept sacred with the day, and whether it is proper to cook food on Sunday. Several individuals profess to keep the day of the Lord. A Malay foreigner at one of my meetings to-day, spoke of God, as the *Anu in wai*, or 'Spirit of foreign lands,' when a native sharply corrected him by asking if He was not equally the Spirit or God of Ponape. Theirs is heathenism in one of its most spiritual forms. We therefore have little difficulty in teaching them God's spirituality. At times I can scarcely believe my own senses, in respect to the interest that is now frequently shown in religious teaching, so different is it from all our past experience.

"One man says he has ceased praying to Ponape spirits, and he professes to pray to God

morning and evening. He has more than once been anxious to know whether it is sufficient to pray to God and to Christ, and whether it would not be well to pray to Adam and Eve as well!

"Our sleepy island is just now waked to unusual life by the descent of one of the great spirits among the people. His name is Ishipau. He may be feasted during the day-time while he remains invisible behind a curtain of mats, but after dark he appears publicly! He talks and looks strangely like a man, his fingers are tatooed to the tips, and his nails are two or three inches long. We pray the King of Kings and Lord of Lords may send this, and all his kindred spirits back to the submarine caves whence they profess to come."

A small printing press had been sent to them, and the labor of printing was added to their other heavy burdens. The languages were so far reduced as to be intelligible in print. Hymns, the Lord's Prayer and portions of the Bible were translated, so they were better equipped for their work. One of them in telling of this, says, 'We hope no one will think of us as leaning on these means for success. We only consider printing, schools, and everything of that nature as subordinate, and feel that we have nothing to preach but Christ and Him crucified."

After Mr. Doane's arrival, Dr. Gulick turned his thoughts to the needy ones in the Gilbert Islands, and offered to go to them. "The fact that these people live on islands where there is

very little in nature to attract, seems to be their misfortune, and misfortune begets sympathy. Had a few hills been added to their scènery, we should not in the first instance have passed them by, to continue their gropings in darkness. . . . Should you decide to send me to them, I trust you will not subject me to utter banishment for three years, without permitting the passing gleam of even one white brother's face—as Mr. Snow has been. I do not say I will not go if there be danger of such sepulture, for, as a physician, I may meet some of the physical difficulties Mr. Snow could not. But I am in many respects weak where he is strong, and I question whether the strongest should be subject to such a trial. I beseech, I conjure, I warn you not to press us too far. Permit my strong words, for in common with all our mission I feel strongly, and it is a strong point."

But Mr. Snow in his lonely isle had not been forgotten by the Board. It is not always easy to find the right man for such a place, and feeling that Mr. Snow should have a medical associate they waited for one, and even while Dr. Gulick was writing so strongly, he was on his way to them.

Dr. and Mrs. George Pierson sailed in November, 1854, for the Hawaiian Islands, expecting to proceed to Micronesia by the first ship. The opportunity did not come until the following May, when a schooner under Captain Handy was to sail, and the captain was very willing, even to go out of his way to take them to

Kusaie, saying, "Whalers have been a curse to those islands long enough, and I should be glad to get a missionary on every island." Then he said if the missionaries were disposed to take passage with him, and cruise along through the Gilbert and Marshall groups, stopping at some ten or twelve islands, he would take them, but it would be a three or four months' voyage. As there was no other way of reaching their destination it was decided to accept his offer, and they sailed in May, 1855, taking with them a Hawaiian family as helpers.

As Captain Handy went from island to island collecting cocoanut oil and copra from the natives, the missionaries had good opportunity to observe them and learn something of their manner of life.

They are not beautiful, though at a distance often very picturesque, with the white shining sands of the beach in the foreground, then the cocoa-palms, lifting their tufted, feathery heads sixty or seventy feet in air, the long drooping leaves of the pandanus trees, and the dark, shining foliage of the breadfruit trees, while beneath all are nestled the thatched huts of the people. These consist, in some instances, only of a V-shaped roof, open on all sides, a mere shelter from the sun and rain; again, others are enclosed on all sides, and have no windows, and only an apology for a door—an aperture so low that it is necessary to almost crawl in on the hands and knees. Within, the ground is sometimes, but not always, covered with a

coarsely-woven mat; there is absolutely no furniture, if we except the similar mats in which the natives wrap themselves at night. In the morning they roll these mats up, toss them in a corner, and their housework is done for the day. They have no beds, chairs, tables, stoves, dishes—not one of the things we consider indispensable to living. In one of these huts, perhaps ten by fourteen feet in size, we find a whole family, with many relatives, near and remote, living together. Is it any wonder that they have no word for "home" in their languages, and no conception as to the meaning of the word?

The only products of these islands are breadfruit, pandanus, and cocoanuts; and these, with the fish caught in the sea and lagoon, form almost the entire sustenance of the people, year in and year out. When a man is hungry he has but to climb a tree and gather his cocoanuts and pandanus; or he goes fishing. Taking his spear in hand, he wades into the sea and spears his fish, running through the water and throwing the spear with an accuracy born of long practice; or with hook and line he paddles his canoe into deeper waters and catches his dinner. A common mode of killing the smaller fish is by biting them; these natives realize that fish are best when freshly caught, and not infrequently dispense with the preliminary of cooking, eating them from the hook.

Living in such a manner as this, with so little external to themselves, nothing but that narrow strip of land and the broad expanse of waters

around them, what wonder is it that they are as degraded, as quarrelsome, immoral, and wicked as any people, or more so than any other people on the face of the earth!

"The activity and enterprise of any people are limited and moulded by their environment." If this statement be true, can we blame a people for not laboring for their daily bread when it is provided by nature? Can we blame them for not tilling the ground when there is no soil for tilling and no seed for planting? It is scarcely to be doubted that if even the average enterprising American should be placed in such an environment as this, it would not be many years before he would sink to the same dead level with the South Sea Islander, if indeed he did not go beyond him in adding the sins and wickedness of a so-called civilization to those of heathenism.

In the Gilbert Group, the people were found to have a strong similarity to the Hawaiian and kindred races, both in physiognomy and character as well as in the language, which is peculiar to the group. They have a distinct costume—or lack of costume—and their pugilistic propensities are fully developed by long practice. They are brave and fearless, and as bright and intelligent as their environment permits.

In the Marshall Group we find another language in two dialects. Owing to a similarity of physiognomy, it has been thought that these islanders are of Japanese origin. They are more quiet and tractable than the Gilbert people, and as the latter are the better warriors, so the

former are the better sailors. They are said to be the best and most skillful navigators in the Pacific; in their great canoes, which sail with outrigger to windward, they make long voyages, sometimes of many months' duration. In this custom we have a suggestion as to how the Pacific may have been colonized. They have a sort of chart made of small sticks tied together, representing the position of the islands and the direction of the winds and currents.

The Gilbert islands were first visited. At Apaiang, the people were delighted at the sight of a white woman, Mrs. Pierson being the first many of them had seen. Kanoa, the Hawaiian helpers' little boy, attracted much attention; it was quite a curiosity to them to see a child dressed. As they walked about there were continually a crowd of people following them; they were not rude for a wild people, always keeping at a little distance, and generally behind them.

From Apaiang the schooner sailed to Apamama. Here the people were decidedly opposed to the missionaries, giving as reasons that they would teach against polygamy, and make the people " all like the king." They said "they knew all about it—missionaries all gammon." This arose from the fact that there were white people of the worst character on the island, and they had prejudiced the natives.

"We saw several of their ghost or spirit stones," wrote Dr. Pierson. "They are rough stones set upright, generally from one to three

feet high; small stones are laid around in a circle about two feet from the larger stone, and inside of this, the ground is covered with white pebbles. They are placed near, and sometimes inside the house. Here they present offerings of taro or cocoanut to the departed spirits of their ancestors and friends, placing them inside the circle; sometimes a wreath of flowers is placed on top of the stone. As far as I could learn they are not particularly sacred; we could step into the circle or take hold of the stone without any objection from the people. When asked about them they pointed up, and said 'spirits.' They speak of a Great Spirit, who is ruler over all the other spirits, but they seem not to worship him. While standing by one of these stones I asked the captain to tell them that I had come to teach them about the true great Spirit. They asked his name, and I said 'Jehovah.' They repeated it and seemed pleased. I told them that their spirits could do them no good, but Jehovah could. I read and explained a part of the third chapter of John, the captain interpreting as he could, and then I offered a short prayer. This was probably the first public worship of God in those islands, if indeed, the voice of prayer was not for the first time heard." The people were very much impressed, and kept urging Captain Handy to beg Dr. and Mrs. Pierson to stay. They were so urgent that at last he told them perhaps a missionary would come in "twenty moons." They said they were "crying to have them stay."

From Apamama they returned to Apaiang, after an absence of ten days. They received a hearty welcome from the natives, who surrounded them, and with shouts and laughter took their baggage and carried it to the house they had occupied before. They acted like children who are delighted at the sight of dear friends. They said that during their absence they had talked up the missionaries and there had been but one feeling expressed, and that was a desire that they remain and teach them the "spirit talk."

From the Gilbert they went to the Marshall Islands, where the natives were said to be very hostile to foreigners, so there were none living in the group. At Ailinglaplap, the largest island in the group, the high chief, Kaibuki and his sons expressed a desire to have missionaries, and said they would protect and take care of them. They then asked the king if the natives would not injure or steal from them when he was absent, and he said emphatically, "No no!" grasping Dr. Pierson's hand eagerly.

The king had before changed names with the captain, and now he wanted to do so with the missionary, this being a sign of friendship. They gave him a red blanket, which pleased him very much, and to each of his sons, a knife. Many of the natives had a few English words, and " very good" seems to have been incorporated into their language. Passing Ebon they stopped at Namerik. Here, when the old chief was asked if he wanted missionaries,

he replied, "Yes, very good for you live on Namerik."

On the 6th of October, 1855, they reached Kusaie, and we can imagine something of Mr. and Mr. Snow's heartfelt thankfulness, that at last the days of their solitude were ended, and the much prayed for associates were there. "Come with us a little while," writes Mr. Snow, "and rejoice with those that do rejoice."

CHAPTER IV

THE MORNING STAR

ISOLATION. THE MISSIONARY SHIP. SAIL HO! THE MORNING STAR

The work pressed upon them from every side. New avenues of usefulness were daily opened to them, till the adjustment of the work to their time and strength was a matter of no little moment. The need of some means of getting about began to be felt, and they sent home an earnest request that provision be made for the charter of a vessel "to visit all the missionary points in Micronesia that may be occupied, and if possible establish new stations and do something of missionary exploration. The time seems to have come when we need the yearly visit of a vessel, and moreover, need to have one permanently; there is next to no commerce furnishing the needed intercourse with the outside world."

In December, 1856, the missionaries wrote from Ponape, "On taking up a stray paper brought by a trading vessel, we noticed that we are to have a mission vessel. On reading this, our hearts bounded with joy. We blessed God that our prayers were being answered, and that you are devising such liberal things for us."

And from Kusaie, "We are delighted to learn

by a stray paper that the 'Morning Star' is to become a reality. We shall hail her dawning on these regions with a rapture that none but those who have watched the night through can fully know."

Their isolation weighed heavily on their spirits. "We readily confess to an almost nervous fear that has preyed upon us during the last month. Day by day, and many times a day, have our eyes involuntarily ranged the horizon. Minute-darkened clouds have to our ready imagination frequently assumed the appearance of vessels, and our spy glasses have alone dispelled the pleasing illusion. The peculiar shoutings of natives when a ship was certainly in sight have thrilled us like shocks of electricity.

"As the gallant ships have passed along our coast under full sail for one of the more southern harbors on the island, with what excited nerves have we attempted to perform our regular routine of missionary duty of teaching, or translating, reading, or working, till in some way we have definitely learned there was no mail on board. And when that information has, after the lapse of two or three days, at last arrived, how have our hearts sunk, that fellow-countrymen could come direct from the Sandwich Islands, and not offer to bring a letter!

"We are looking patiently for the 'Morning Star.' It is not quite time for us to look out upon the sea with an earnest gaze, hoping to catch a view, though dim, of the white sails of that precious packet. We will patiently wait

until about the time of her expected arrival, and then, if ever we stood with our glasses scanning the horizon, torturing every fleecy white cloud into the long-wished-for object, then will be the time."

The winter of 1856–57 they failed to receive supplies. The "Caroline" was sold; they depended upon chance vessels, and only one was leaving Honolulu; and this could only take a limited amount of freight. Nevertheless, she brought them a scanty supply of food. What must have been their fate, had this captain refused to carry these provisions, and had not the children of America built the "Morning Star"! Their longing for this ship was pathetic.

It is a relief to know that while the lonely workers in the islands of the sea were praying for a ship, in America God was preparing the answer.

Let me quote from a speech made at this time in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, which shows how widespread was the interest in the undertaking:

"Permit me to recall to the House a notable instance just transpired. A few days ago, there lay at one of the wharves of this city, a beautiful vessel, called the 'Morning Star.' In the far distant Pacific, there are groups of islands just now coming into notice, known as Micronesia. They are inhabited by a race of savages, perhaps not unlike the Hawaiians of fifty years ago. Now there were found in New England, men, and women, too, who were willing to give their

lives to the elevation socially, civilly and religiously, of these far distant and poor people. But how get there? Commerce does everything, dares everything, where gain allures. But these rude people had little about them to attract thither the ships of commerce. Some one suggested, 'let us build a missionary ship.' The Board of gentlemen, who preside over this magnificent charity, and who this year will disburse more than one-third of a million of dollars of voluntary offerings, find already the field too great for their harvesters. They can spare nothing. 'Let us,' says another, 'lay the burden on the shoulders of the little children.' The thought was the deed. The keel of the ship was laid on the shore of the Mystic, and while she was receiving form and symmetry, the word went out: 'The children are to build a missionary ship, and every child who can contribute a single dime may feel that it has a proprietary interest in the undertaking.' At once the little rills began to flow down from every hillside in New England; they came from the Middle, Southern, and Western States, the far distant Territories, a little from over the border of Queen Victoria's dominions, and even the Choctaw Mission, and the poor remnant of Tuscarora Indians did not fail in contributing their mites. It was supposed this ship would cost six, then ten, and finally twelve thousand dollars. How is it now in the treasury? As all these little gatherings poured in they began to swell up, until there were eight, ten, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four

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A MARSHALL ISLAND CANOE, WITH MAST AND OUTRIGGER

thousand dollars, and though the good secretaries held up their hands crying, 'hold, enough,' no one could tell where it would end. The little ship is complete, freight and all is on board, and she is now ready to sail away, and I know that the prayers and blessings of the little proprietors are following her."

"One of the moral sublimities which dot the surface of this worldly age, and show that there is yet a living principle of religious faith and duty strongly incorporated in the public mind," says a Boston paper of this period, "was seen in the launch of the Missionary Schooner, the 'Morning Star.' The scene was one of the most interesting ever witnessed, and the enjoyment of the occasion was participated in by nearly 4,000 people, three-fourths of whom were children and youths."

After a short service appropriate to the occasion, preparations were made for the launch, and in a few moments she slid down the ways like a swan, and floated easily on the water.

Then went up a shout— glorious shout— from the little owners, and many older people, with tear-dimmed eyes, witnessed the consummation of a scheme, which it was hoped would be fraught with innumerable blessings.

On the first of December, 1856, the farewell meeting was held, and the following morning the lines were cast off, and the "Morning Star" with all her colors flying, passed down the harbor on her long voyage of 12,000 miles to the islands of the sea.

The captain was Samuel G. Moore, and she carried as passengers the Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., and his wife, going to Micronesia as missionaries. Mr. Bingham was the son of one of the first missionaries who went to the Hawaiian Islands, thirty-seven years before. The vessel proved to be a fast sailer, and usually ran ahead of other ships. For some days they had been on the lookout, and their joy can better be imagined than described when one bright April morning, they saw, towering far above the clouds, the snow-capped summit of Mauna Loa. The winding shores, lined with cocoanut trees, seemed to smile a welcome as they glided along toward the promontory of Diamond Head. Soon the little town of Honolulu, with its tapering spires and white cottages, peeped out from among the trees, and the vessel sailed gaily up and cast anchor in the harbor.

The children had assembled in Boston when the "Morning Star" was launched, and the children at Honolulu gathered when she arrived. Preparations had been made to present a flag, and shortly after she reached port this was done. The children of the Sabbath Schools assembled at their respective churches, and marched two and two to the wharf; there could not have been less than three or four thousand people, including adults—a strange spectacle for Honolulu. Chiefs and people, rich and poor, were all there.

The flag was of white bunting, 12x20 feet in size, having a star in the center, and directly under it was the word "Morning;" and in the

right-hand corner was a dove, all of dark blue, which stood out vividly against the white. Immediately after its presentation and before Captain Moore could finish his reply, the multitude gave cheer after cheer as the emblem was seen floating at the masthead.

"What an impulse the building and sailing of that little seabird produced," writes an eye witness. "What gives such moral power and sublimity to that little vessel? Our western waters are ploughed by the ships of the greatest monarchs; in our harbors float the flags of the most renowned nations; but this little vessel, bearing the banner of our Eternal King, and waving the emblems of the Prince of Peace, has more significance than all the commercial, scientific, and warlike marines on earth." The "Morning Star" sailed from Honolulu for Micronesia on the 7th of August, 1857. She carried Rev. Peter J. Gulick (father of Dr. Gulick of Ponape) delegate from the Hawaiian Missionary Society; Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., and their wives. To Captain Moore was intrusted the entire charge of the vessel. He was to "guard against surprises from the savage people and bad foreigners who might be disposed to seize her and take the lives of all on board." In order to exclude such persons from the vessel, boarding nets were provided and everything necessary to ensure their safety.

On the morning of Saturday, August 29th, they sighted Namo, one of the Marshall Islands. A canoe put off toward the ship, manned by four

athletic, upper-class natives, who reminded the missionaries in their appearance of the North American Indians. Circular ear-rings four inches in diameter were completely enclosed by the extended flesh of the lower part of the ear. Their long hair was twisted up in a knot behind their heads, and their only clothing was a fringe about the loins. They made them a few presents but could not induce them to go on board. "We tried to tell them this was a missionary ship, but we spoke in an unknown tongue."

Calms, head winds and currents made their passage from this group to Kusaie very protracted and tedious. It was not till the morning of Tuesday, September 8th, that they came to anchor in the beautiful mountain-locked harbor of Leiu. Here they were most cordially welcomed by Mr. Snow and Dr. Pierson and their families, whom they found nearly destitute of provisions; indeed, had they not received occasional relief from chance vessels, they must have suffered. For two years they had received no letters from home, and for two months had been in a very unsettled state, a party of rebels having been blockaded by the king's forces. For days in succession the missionaries had been in great peril, and hailed with joy the arrival of the "Morning Star."

The ship remained at Kusaie a week, then taking the two missionary families on board, made sail for Ponape. Of the coming of the long waited-for vessel, Dr. Gulick writes:

"About noon of Thursday, September 24th, 1857, the 'Morning Star' appeared off our harbor, and was already approaching the anchorage before I could get on board. Need I tell you how my heart throbbed as I reached the deck and embraced my aged father? Need I tell you how I welcomed my Micronesia fellow missionaries and Captain Moore, and my oldest brother, one of the officers of the 'Morning Star?' Need I tell you how angel-like the 'Morning Star' appeared to our Micronesian eyes and hearts as she winged her way to within half a mile of our thatched cottage?

"The whole of her visit at this island is one of those rare providences God occasionally vouchsafes to illuminate life's gloom. Though naturally no more of a singer than Zacharias during his dumbness, I almost burst into song every time I see the beautiful apparition!"

All the families were short of provisions, so much so as to affect their health. A boat was at once dispatched to each station with a supply for their immediate needs. But one can well believe their physical needs were for the time forgotten, as they realized their twelve months' mail had come. Again, one of these solitary workers tells us:—

"On its first announcement, how the heart leaps! There are throbs of joy, and throbs of fear, for the news may be as sad as joyful. The canoe is hastily launched, the paddles splash the time irregularly, the sail almost spontaneously spreads itself, and so we speed along for perhaps

twenty miles. The magic package of letters is at last secured. The fever is at its height. The crisis arrives. Envelope after envelope is rapidly torn, their contents barely skimmed. Thrills of joy and spasms of sorrow flash through us, till at last the over-strained nerves almost cease to react under either kind of stimulation. The face is flushed, the head confused, the heart surcharged. We return to our homes to reread the budget more at leisure and talk it over, and dream it over. Afterward comes on the overwhelming mass of papers, magazines and pamphlets of a year that drive to the winds all usual habits of occupation. A twelve month's mail is a blessed privilege, but a sad shock!"

A general meeting of the mission was held, at which it was decided that Messrs. Doane and Pierson commence work in the Marshall Islands, and Mr. Bingham, with Kanoa, the Hawaiian helper, in the Gilbert Group. The people of the Jokoits tribe were dismayed when they heard Mr. Doane was to leave them, and the chief, greatly incensed, was about to stone them, alleging Mr. Doane was leaving because of their not attending his meetings.

"If I could only bring before you the scene of yesterday when Mr. Doane's farewell letter was read in church," wrote Mr. Sturges; "if you could have seen boys and girls, men and women, those too, who once were savage, warlike people, mingle their heartfelt tears together, and with a child-like trust turn to us, and ask if we could not prevent his going. If you could have seen

all this you would feel with us even more than ever. . . . After Wednesday our force will number but three. Is it any wonder when we realize this that our faith is a little dim?"

They left Ponape for Kusaie on the 16th of October; the "Morning Star" was apparently crowded to the utmost, having on board forty-one persons, while the hold was filled with provisions and the ship's-stores. Mokil and Pingelap, the two islands lying between Ponape and Kusaie, were visited. "The wildness, rudeness, almost entire nakedness; the uncouthness, friendliness, inquisitiveness, the eagerness for fish-hooks and beads, and the noisiness of the inhabitants will not soon be forgotten."

On Monday evening, October 26th, they were off Lelu Harbor, Kûsaie, but before morning the current had carried them thirty miles to the eastward of the island, and it was not till Wednesday noon that they were able to reach the anchorage, and even then they were assisted by the boats of two vessels in the harbor.

Waiting till Dr. Pierson and Kanoa made their preparations, on November 3d, they weighed anchor and made sail for the Gilbert Group, intending to touch at Pleasant and Ocean Islands on the way, but the winds carried them so far to the east that they sighted Namerik of the Marshall Group, and the next morning, Monday, November 9, they made Ebon, where Mr. Doane and Dr Pierson were to locate. Seventeen canoes came off to meet them, and one man on being addressed in his own language

by Dr. Pierson immediately recognized him and exclaimed joyfully "Dokitor! Dokitor!"

The news spread like wildfire among the fleet of canoes, and when told that missionaries were to remain on Ebon, they were overjoyed, for they knew what it meant for them. In the spring of 1856 there had drifted to Kusaie five canoes from the Marshall Islands, filled with men, women, and children. They remained there several months. Dr. Pierson was able to do considerable for them and mingled with them freely, thus gaining a fair knowledge of their language.

They had attended all the preaching services regularly, and seemed to enjoy them. "Not being able to understand the letter, they went through the form to perfection," wrote Mr. Snow. "When I put out my hands in benediction, out went their hands as gracefully as an experienced parson. We have been having full benedictions since their arrival!"

After a visit of several hours on Ebon, and assuring the natives that they would return to them "before many moons," they held on their course for the Gilbert Group.

On Friday, November 13th, Apaiang was sighted. Being unable to find a good anchorage before night, the ship lay off and on. At midnight it fell calm and by sunrise a westerly current had drifted them almost out of sight of land, and it was not till the following Monday they came to anchor off the main passage to the lagoon. Tuesday they entered the lagoon and

came to anchor off the principal village. A number of canoes came out and word was sent to the chief that the missionaries wished to see him. The king came out, and seemed pleased when told why they had come. He placed one hand on Mr. Bingham's shoulder and the other on some lumber, and pointed to the shore, thus signifying his willingness that they remain. Accordingly their supplies were landed, and the 16x24 feet frame house they had brought with them was put up, with the assistance of the sailors. The soil in this group is very poor. The natives raise nothing but a very coarse kind of taro; pandanus and cocoanuts grow spontaneously, while fish may be caught in the lagoon and ocean in abundance, but the missionaries would have to depend greatly on the annual visits of the "Morning Star" for their food. Their main sustenance consisted of flour, rice, beef, and salt fish, with the native foods. "So long as the means may be furnished for supplying us with even only the above articles," writes Mr. Bingham, "I trust we would never feel ourselves too destitute of means for our adequate sustenance and comfort. We have very little to fear from starvation, or serious suffering, even were we to fail in receiving our supplies by the 'Morning Star.'

"But what shall I say of the people among whom we have come to live? The sight of naked men, boys and girls, and more than half naked women; the observance of their extreme poverty; their worship of false gods; their extremely immodest manners and customs; their

Mission. The experiment of work on the low coral islands was fairly inaugurated. At Ponape and Kusaie the missionaries had acquired the languages sufficiently to make their character and object known, and a small printing press greatly aided in spreading the truth, and thus breaking up native customs and evil habits.

Mr. Sturges writes, "Strangers coming might not see much change, but we who have been so constantly here, feel the great bog of heathenism is being filled up beneath us, though the process has not even reached the visible surface.

"Your Micronesian enterprise must succeed. You have literally prayed us into the field; the great need of the Mission has been met by giving us the "Morning Star;" but in doing this, and in opening doors by this means, you bring upon yourselves the necessity of doing more.

"Our call is urgent; send us men who shall tell these warlike savages of the blessings of peace. Let not our hearts be disappointed. Let the 'Morning Star' come freighted with faithful soldiers of the Cross who shall take possession of these Islands in the name of the King."

CHAPTER V

A NEW ERA

MARSHALL ISLAND PEOPLE. KAIBUKI. A CHIEF'S FUNERAL. TATTOO

With the "Morning Star" to "gladden their horizon" year by year, the appalling loneliness and isolation weighed less heavily upon them, and the missionaries who had taken up their residence among the savage inhabitants of the coral islands took heart of grace. Much had been said about the ferocious character of the Marshall Island people, but to the missionaries and the "Morning Star" nothing but good will was ever manifested. "The more I learn of the depredations and cruelties practiced upon these poor, defenceless natives," wrote Mr. Doane, "the less I wonder at their occasional cruelties to shipping and to whites. In nine cases out of ten, I venture to say, it is in revenge for previous wrongs done them, or it is in self defence."

A trading vessel came to Ebon, and the mate went ashore to call on Dr. Pierson; he was accompanied by a sailor armed with a large horse pistol conspicuously displayed to keep the natives from attacking him. His astonishment was great when he learned the missionaries had lived here ten months with no protection, and he could not be persuaded to believe that he also was safe.

The missionaries had been fortunate in securing from the first the friendship of the high chief Kaibuki, perhaps the most influential of the Marshall Island chiefs, as he certainly bore a reputation for ferocity and cruelty hardly to be equalled. He had "torn people to pieces, wrenching open the bowels, tearing off the limbs, breaking the head and gulping down the blood," he told the missionaries—counting by tens to express a large number—he had very often done this, and the natives confirmed his statement. No wonder the friendship of this savage king, the terror of his subjects, was effective.

When they visited the other islands of the group for the first time, Kaibuki sent canoes before them to warn the natives to treat them well; so they were greeted everywhere as "the friends of Kaibuki." On one occasion after going away for some little time, he returned accompanied by twenty proas from nearly all the islands, filled with natives curious to see the missionaries. "There is no difficulty in accounting for the settlement of these islands," wrote Dr. Pierson, "many proas are coming and going; in one case as many as 200 came in one company. A native of this island of Ebon was once driven more than 1,600 nautical miles from his island home."

Of their personal experiences he writes, "We came here expecting many annoyances from such untutored people, and we have not been disappointed. They have been rude and troublesome. They cannot understand why they are

not allowed free access to our kitchen and bedroom. They are ready to steal anything within reach, when we are not watching." The missionaries were absent some weeks at the Annual Meeting of the Mission, and of this he says: "We may almost say we were surprised to find our house and property all safe on our return from Kusaie; even the fowls were safe. In accordance with the order of the chiefs, the people kept away from the house. It was entered once during our absence, but the chiefs informed us of the fact, telling us who were the guilty persons, and returning what they had taken—an old pen-knife and an old fine-tooth comb."

After they had been on Ebon about a year, one of the chiefs died. The natives wrapped the body in mats and took it to the place of burial, where he lay "in state" over night; then a large company assembled, bringing gifts of parts of their loose property—not of much value—out of respect to the chief. They were received by a high chief, who redistributed them among the givers, taking care to give something of less value than was received.

The night previous to the burial was spent in dancing and singing—and yet it could hardly be called a dance, since all the natives sat; but in this posture they sang, beat their hearts, and threw their arms wildly about, all in time with each other and the beats on the shark-skin drum. In the morning the shallow grave was dug; seven female drummers formed a semicircle. In a hut near by a high chief oiled the

body and ornamented it with trinkets, being particular to fasten tufts of feathers to the forearm. Then he came out running and dancing; on coming near the musicians he shouted, the drums beat, and then ensued a wild scene of savage dancing and contortions, mingled with fearsome singing. The body was then taken to the grave and carried round it six times. Bunches of partly dried cocoanut leaves that had been used as charms during his sickness were thrown into the grave, with handfuls of sand brought from the water's edge by six people. Cocoanut shells used for bringing water, and sleeping mats, were added, a priest stood at the head of the grave throwing in small bits of cocoanut leaves as he muttered incantations. When the body was brought from the hut, and after his two wives had been made to pass under it for the purpose of driving away fear, it was placed in the resting-place prepared for it.

It was tabu for anyone to work for six days after the burial of a chief, and the violation of this rule would be punished by the gods. Dr. Pierson preached a sermon explaining that Jehovah forbids their obeying other gods, and hence it was wrong to regard the tabu. The lesson was heeded, and the chiefs told the people they need not observe the tabu, but could work as usual.

Nearly another year had passed, when a high chief came to ask if it was lawful to tattoo on Ebon. The missionaries were then ignorant

TYPICAL HEATHEN AND HOME, MARSHALL ISLANDS

of the religious nature of the act, and so inquired of him why he asked such a question. He replied, "This island belongs to Jehovah, since missionaries live on it, and if He forbids our tattooing ceremonies, we will go to another island, where there are no missionaries and which has not been given to Jehovah; there we will worship the gods of these islands, and will tattoo."

There was little more said at the time, but about a year later they heard the people were actually making arrangements to go to another island for this purpose. They were then told it was just as wrong to worship false gods upon another island as on Ebon; that Jehovah is the God of all islands and of the whole earth, and no part, or island, belongs to any other god. But this they denied, saying, that as our God has no missionaries and no subjects on the other island, it does not belong to Him. So about seven or eight hundred people left for Jaluit.

In the summer of 1858, Mr. Doane wrote home by a chance schooner: "We have the painful fact before us that this year we are to be without word from home: our mail was sent by a vessel from Honolulu to Ponape, our friends thus thinking we would get it sooner. By this arrangement we must go one whole year, and possibly two, without word from the outside world. The civil, religious, and political history of all that time will be to us almost a blank. What news we do get will be fragmentary from trading vessels touching at these islands."

Little by little the light was breaking, and the hearts of the lonely workers were cheered by indications that their labors were not in vain. A school was in successful operation, progressing as encouragingly as one could ask. In three months the attendance more than doubled. Out of school there was about as much study as in it. Children playing on the beach wrote on the sand; sailing on canoes, words were given out to be spelled, and whole pages of the primer were recited; such was the interest, and there were no signs of its flagging. In the spring of 1859 they built a native house for a church. It held 300 people, sitting, as the natives do, on the floor; when they told the object of the building, that it was Jehovah's house and that no one should sit or sleep there, during the week, and that it was not a place in which to work, there was a ready assent. There were no doors, and no windows, yet they did not know of a native going inside the house till one of the missionaries led the way.

Their hands and their hearts were full. "There are many things to encourage us, but of a nature not easily to be put on paper. They should rather be experienced to be understood. One needs to have landed here when we did, to have seen things as they were, and to have passed through all the circumstances of the intervening time to appreciate them."

This year the high chief Kaibuki was not so friendly. He gave them servants and then, because they were better fed and clothed than

he, made them leave. Mrs. Pierson was not well, and Dr. Pierson being nurse, housekeeper, and physician, at last broke down himself, and they were obliged to return to America, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Doane alone. At this crisis Mr. Doane writes, "We find the natives so friendly that so far as we are concerned, it will not be much of a trial. When we remember the antecedents of this people, we wonder they are so kind. I never entered upon a piece of work more cheerfully than that which is before me, though it seems so formidable. I know of no trial which could come to me so great as to be obliged to leave this work."

And then, as the full realization of the situation rushed upon him, that the working force was reduced one half, he sent home an appeal that must have touched every heart, though it did not bring the needed helpers: "Brethren, ought this to be? Can you not aid? Shall it be that the Bread of Life is thus *doled* out to the hungry, perishing souls around? O brethren, we beseech you by the love you have for the Saviour, by the honor you feel in seeing His Kingdom a universal one, having sway over all lands and all peoples—send some one to help us make Christ here known!"

In the Gilbert Islands, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham had peculiar trials in a lack of proper food, as these are the most barren of all the coral islands in Micronesia. In the spring of 1858 Mr. Bingham wrote: "We are in comfortable health, and trust that our supply of provisions will hold

out till the return of the 'Morning Star' in July. Much of our flour has been spoiled by the heat, dampness and innumerable bugs of this climate. We are endeavoring to accustom ourselves to the *papai* (the Arum esculentum) the only vegetable on the island. After hours of boiling it can be mashed with no ordinary force. We do not make the attempt, except with our teeth. The only products are cocoanuts and pandanus, the latter the principal food of the natives. We have not yet felt ourselves compelled to make this a staple article of diet. At times fish can be obtained in abundance, and then days or even weeks may pass when we can secure but little from the natives. We have made a fair experiment with bananas, sweet potatoes, onions, and squashes, but in vain. Our soil will produce nothing of the kind. The plants live, but do not grow. No fowls or hogs are to be had, except what we brought on the 'Morning Star.' The breadfruit proper is not found on the island. A small specimen of the 'jackfruit' belonging to the same genus as the breadfruit, but not to be compared with it in quality, grows near us. We have not been able to find another tree or anything else in the shape of food. Rice, flour, and salt beef must be our main dependence."

Nor were their trials as to food limited to the lack of native products. Two barrels of beef were at one time received from Hawaii, one of which was ruined so that few would have eaten it, but it was all the meat the missionaries had,

except a few pounds of salt pork from the "Morning Star" stores. At another time the supply of flour was spoiled, and then they had no bread for a year. And when the "Morning Star" reached them in 1859, they were destitute of almost all provisions but flour. Some months before the ship arrived they heard from the natives that a trading vessel had touched at an islet some distance away and had left them "teboki," the native name for everything made of paper. The report was true, the schooner had left them a mail, but the natives, thinking it must be some new kind of white people's food, had eaten the greater part of it! In the face of all these things Mr. Bingham wrote home at this time:

"That we are called to self-denial we delight to acknowledge. We are subjected to great isolation and solitude and there are possibilities on coral islands of our suffering the need of the best kind of food, but these are balanced by exemptions and privileges which few missionaries enjoy. We are among a people who never molest us or treat us with troublesome indignities. Our mission is also one of the most healthy of any in any part of the world. Our powers, perhaps, are more or less reduced, but this is not attributable to the unhealthiness of our island. It is the wear and tear of missionary life in a healthy though not invigorating climate. Now, with provisions for relieving our solitude and supplying our wants, we feel ourselves among the most highly favored of all missions of the

Board, and cannot consent, even though residing on a coral island, to be thought of as enduring undue hardships!"

On the first of March, 1859, with the permission of royalty, they purchased a site for a chapel, and on the second Sabbath of May, the first Protestant chapel in the Gilbert Islands was opened for worship. The building was of cocoanut and pandanus with a thatched roof. Every leaf of the thatch was separately sewed, the needles being almost invariably of human bones. The people had little idea of decorum, the king, even, frequently entering the church whistling and without removing his hat, while many of them habitually sprawled out to sleep, and others talked and laughed, while the children thought the church a big playhouse. Yet here, as in the Marshall Islands, superstition in part was yielding, and there were encouraging signs.

At the midnight hour on the 20th of June, the people who were spending the night in heathenish chanting, declared there was "only one God—Jehovah," and assailed the great stone erected in the center of their village to the honor of Tabuariki, the principal deity of the Gilbert Islands, hurled it from its site of honor, in spite of a resistance so stout as to leave a fragment firmly imbedded in the ground, while the surrounding platform, upon which offerings of food were wont to be made, was entirely removed. Later the stone was found rolled quite into the lagoon.

"It had no carved eyes or nose, or mouth, or

ears; it is the first fallen spirit-stone of the hundreds which we earnestly hope are to be speedily overthrown throughout the group."

There was an uninhabited isle on the southwest reef, which was regarded by the natives as haunted. The general belief was that to visit it would be death, and if any of the bushes were cut, blood would appear, while the arm of the marauder would be paralyzed. The Hawaiian missionaries visited this islet, although the king had assured them that such a visit would prove fatal to them, and on their safe return with trophies of cut bushes, he exclaimed, "Surely the spirits are afraid of Jehovah!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Bingham was engaged in translating the Scriptures, though he was greatly embarrassed by the poverty of a language used by people shut up on coral islands, with neither river, mountain, or hill; without civilization, science, or art; and with few correct religious or moral views. The need of a small printing press was urged. He felt, however, that his great work was preaching Christ.

At the older stations on Ponape and Kusaie, a gradual but palpable change was being effected. The missionaries were treated with more respect, and the natives had more confidence in their word than in that of the other foreigners; while these white men were respectful to the missionaries in their presence, but did not like their steadily increasing influence with the people, and their consequent enlightenment. On Ponape the Nanekin took a decided stand in

favor of the missionaries and their work. He told his people he did not wish them to work on the Sabbath, and they were generally obeyed. All ordinary occupations were laid aside, food for two days was cooked on Saturday, which has come to be generally known as the "cooking day."

About the same time he put his reforming hand on the "fin" houses kept by foreigners in the harbor. This was a bold step, but the Nanekin did not put his hand to the plough to look back, and most nobly did he carry it through. That a heathen prince should take such a stand is indeed marvelous. On calling on another chief, Mr. Sturges found him surrounded by some of his immediate associates, with bottles filled with "grog," a liquor made from the sap of the cocoanut tree, and quite intoxicating. "He came and asked me if I liked his drinking grog. I was not a little surprised at the question, but seeing the way open, I gave him and his associates a faithful temperance lecture, and though it was in broken English and native, it was effectual. Those bottles were thrown aside, and soon a man was dispatched to pull to pieces the chief's miniature distillery."

The missionaries had little interruption to their work; there had been no fighting and much less feasting than usual. Feasting had been the great business of the people, who were stimulated to the greatest exertion by the belief that the spirits of their deceased chiefs required this

A MARSHALL ISLAND HOUSE

service; and now that the common people were losing much of their dread of these departed spirits they could not be driven to extreme efforts in feasting their living chiefs. For instance, the father of Nanepei was one of the chief gods ruling the world, and Nanepei had but to intimate that his father's spirit required a certain feast to be made, and the people would drive day and night to execute his orders. The chiefs had complete control of the people through their superstitious fears, nor was it strange that they were so slow to receive the teaching of the missionaries as to the spirit world, since it completely undermines this power over their subjects. From Mr. Sturges' journal we learn more of the trials of their lonely life: "To show the things against which we have to fight, and the need of celestial weapons, let me tell of the great event of this season. It is now nearly four months since we have had any rain, a circumstance very unusual. The natives are anxious for rain. They have frequently resorted to a celebrated priestess on the north side of the island who holds intercourse with the spirit of one of their celebrated chiefs, who came from a foreign land, and whose name is Ichokulkul. She has been down among this tribe, being feasted by our high chiefs, for if she is propitiated she will propitiate Ichokulkul. And now, this week, we are favored with a slight relaxation of our furious trade winds and with slight showers! It is hard to meet the force of this fact on the superstitious, ignorant mind."

Again he writes: "Our Hawaiian helper, Kaaikaula, is ill. To-night, as I was sitting by his side, a strange feeling of loneliness and responsibility took hold of me, and it seemed that I must have some one with the sick brother who knows more of disease and remedies than I do, so I have dispatched a note to Dr. Gulick, asking him to come. I know not why such a feeling came over me." A week later, and another entry was made in his journal:- "It is just a week since Kaaikaula was taken sick, and now he is gone from us. To-day we buried him in a lovely spot in our garden under a magnificent breadfruit tree. He was a consistent, steadfast worker.

On Kusaie the people realized that Mr. and Mrs. Snow were their friends, and expressed the wish that there were more missionaries on the island. They referred to the "Morning Star" as the "Peacemaker."

A native named Keduka and his wife had been taken into the church, and after some months he showed such an earnest spirit that Mr. Snow let him hold a meeting at another part of the island. Keduka had little confidence in his ability to do it, and was surprised at the interest and sympathy he found among the people. An old priest whom Mr. Snow had reported as very attentive, and whom Keduka believed was only fooling him, was among his most attentive listeners, desiring him to "come again, and bring something more to put into his stomach." That is, he wanted more teaching. Mr. Snow

held a missionary meeting on the work in Ceylon, and the people gave their first offering for foreign missions. It consisted of $2.20 in money, four chickens, a duck, some eggs, and some sweet potatoes. And this from a people who ten years before had not heard of Christ!

For many long, weary months Mr. Snow had no news from the outside world. "I am trying to be patient," he writes, "yet the eyes involuntarily turn to the eastward whenever I am out of doors, and the ears are more intent than is wise to the various outcries, in the hope that 'sail, ho!' may ring out from somewhere."

The "Morning Star" reached them in June, 1859, bringing word of Dr. Pierson's ill-health and consequent return to America, and an urgent appeal that Mr. Snow go to Mr. Doane's relief.

A few days before the ship came he was talking with the king about the possibility that she might not come, and asked what he should do for food. He said he must use the food of the island, breadfruit, taro, bananas, etc. "But," said Mr. Snow, "my means of paying for these things will soon fail me." The king's reply was, "Never mind the pay; I'll see that you have such things. You sha'n't suffer."

When the ship came, and the king was told that he was urgently called to go to Ebon, he said, "It will never do for you to leave us. Who is to make Sunday? Who will take care of us? And how about those who have turned to God—who will instruct and help them?"

CHAPTER VI

MISSION PROBLEMS

CHANGES. THE CIVIL WAR. NATIVE TEACHERS. REINFORCEMENTS. THE MORTLOCK ISLANDS. ROBERT W. LOGAN. RUK

Before the coming of the "Morning Star," Dr. Gulick, who felt himself breaking under the heavy burdens he was bearing, contemplated returning to America for a much-needed rest, but learning that Dr. and Mrs. Pierson were to return, he decided to hold on another year, and by the advice of the Mission was transferred to Ebon, to assist Mr. Doane.

Of his going, Mr. Sturges wrote: "It was hard when their house was torn down for transportation to Ebon. It was hard, too, the next morning, when bidding my brother, who has so nobly stood by my side during the long night of toil, a final good-bye, and wishing him a pleasant passage to his new home, to be interrupted with the choking reply, 'I have no more home here below—I hope I have above.' The fact is, this tearing down of missionary houses, and breaking up of missionary associations, is pretty well fitted to wean us from the world, and lead us to desire a better country, that is a heavenly."

The next few years were full of peculiar trial. Mrs. Doane returned to America, and the following year Mr. Doane left Ebon to join her, but

on reaching Ponape, he heard of her death, and so he decided to remain there and give Mr. Sturges the help he so greatly needed. Mr. Snow was transferred from Kusaie to Ebon, to take up Mr. Doane's work, leaving Kusaie without a missionary, but with a faithful native pastor in Keḍuka.

In America the Board was considering the expediency of continuing the "Morning Star." The year of 1862 was one of surprises. Word came that Ponape was to be abandoned. During all that year the missionaries knew not what they might expect. A passing vessel told them that the "Morning Star" was to be sold, that the civil war at home was likely to absorb all the interest and energies of the nation. Their journals and letters at this time are full of pathos: "I tremble for the prospects of Micronesia, when I read that 'the past rate of expense in sailing the vessel had been such as could not very long be sustained.' I cannot well see how she could be run at less expense than $20.00 a day. Our hearts quiver as we ask if we, our people, and our cause have so lost their hold on the American churches as to make them wish to discontinue this work! If it be not utterly unpracticable, we plead for the continuance of the 'Morning Star.' But should she be removed from us, we beg to be allowed to labor as we did before she came. Do not consider it inevitable that if the 'Morning Star' leaves us we must leave Micronesia. If again the Board is unable to support even ourselves alone with-

out the 'Morning Star,' we shall ask the privilege of helping ourselves in what business ways we can rather than desert these islands."

The Board urged the use of native agency so far as possible. In the Marshall and Caroline Islands it was thought they had reached what might be called the "self-propagating stage." Mr. Snow writes at this time of the Marshall Island work: "When I was young, I used to think one could do anything, now I find there is a limit. Even the little I could do in the way of sending out teachers, you provide no means by which I can do it. If you think best, I might start out on some of our proas, but I should prefer to start on your responsibility, rather than my own! The prospect is more than fair that we shall be a bow-legged mission and half crippled through life, if you insist on throwing us too early on our own understandings.

"My dear Secretary, we must have something to start with, and to build up with, or we shall go to the devil faster and surer than we have ever come from him!

"You predict too much on the material we have on hand, unless we can be backed by a strong educational system in vigorous operation, which it is absolutely impossible to do, without men and books."

Such stirring words as these move one to profound sympathy for the poor secretary, as well as for the missionary. Standing between the mission and the churches, how can he make the bricks with which the missionaries are to

build, if the churches do not provide the straw? Such a letter as this should have been promptly copied, and sent where the responsibility belongs—to every church of our denomination in the land.

On Ponape, the work was crippled by the withdrawal of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who were compelled to return to America after three years of service, and the following year, in 1862, Dr. and Mrs. Gulick also came home, failing health making it imperative.

Then came another blow in the question whether this Mission might not be transferred bodily to the Hawaiian Missionary Society. This transfer was not favored by the missionaries. "We love our country, and sigh at any thought of expatriation. Chastened though she be by the great Ruler of Nations, we cling to the Stars and Stripes; we are proud to be the ambassadors of her churches to the benighted heathen of Micronesia. We are loth to strike our colors, and enlist under a foreign banner, though it be for the conquests of the same Lord and King. We like our present Regiment and our present Generals. Our throats fill, our hearts we will not say, fail us, to say 'yes, we are willing for any change the Prudential Committee may deem best.' It must cost a struggle. But be that as it may, we will trust in our great Master and will not stand in the way of God's will. We are willing to come into such a plan of working as the Prudential Committee in their wisdom shall deem best."

But the clouds passed. Ponape was not abandoned, nor was the Mission turned over to the care of the Hawaiian churches. The "Morning Star" was sold, it is true, but only because she was unfitted for further service, and a new and more commodious vessel was at once built. This new "Morning Star" began her work in Micronesia in 1867, under the command of Mr. Bingham, who gladly returned to Micronesia after a much-needed rest in America. But the little ship had made but three voyages, when Mr. Sturges wrote from Ponape in October, 1869, "Word has just come that the 'Morning Star' is wrecked on Kusaie. I get no letters, no papers from anyone. Only a flying rumor, and it seems to be true. It will be a sad blow to our mission."

It was all too true. The work had been done, and the "Morning Star" was about to sail for Honolulu when she got into a strong current, and in spite of all their efforts struck heavily on the reef. All dispatch was used to get the passengers safely out. One boat was lost; in the other they escaped to the shore, though with no little peril to their lives, owing to the high waves tossing the boat against the vessel, which rolled on and off the reef at a fearful rate. Word of the disaster reached America, and again the children came to the rescue. Before many months the third "Morning Star" was on her way to Micronesia, having on board the much-needed helpers for Mr. Snow in Ebon, Rev. and Mrs. Joel T. Whitney.

LETOKWA, A MARSHALL ISLAND HIGH CHIEF, HIS WIFE IN THE DOORWAY

This "Morning Star" gave a new impetus to the work on Ponape. Under date of September 25th, 1871, Mr. Sturges writes: "Nineteen years ago this month Christian missionaries came to Ponape. To-day our little vessel takes two Ponape natives and their wives to open work on two coral islands east of us."

One of these first native helpers was Obadiah, who was accompanied by his young wife, Obadinia, daughter of King Hezekiah. Though but fifteen years old, she showed great force of character, and had diligently fitted herself to become a foreign missionary. Few missionaries are ever sent from foreign lands whose outgoing involves more sacrifice than did that of Obadinia. But she went gladly. Little was known of the islands to which they were sent, they were not fruitful like Ponape, and the inhabitants were said to be bloodthirsty, but she never wavered. She composed a hymn of farewell, a literal translation of which is as follows:

"I am pleased with Jesus Christ,
He has commissioned me
To carry His Gospel
To His, who are lost.
Father, mother, brothers,
I will bid you farewell,
As I am about to leave you
That I may help Jesus abroad.
You must let me go,
For it is not a bad work
I am going to do—

A sacred work, a work lasting,
Let us all work faithfully
And finish up our work,
That we may meet again
On the banks of the beautiful river."

When Obadinia and her associates were left alone on the foreign shore, with no knowledge of the language, and not even a fish-hook with which to buy food, she was the most brave among them, encouraging all the rest. The natives promised to feed them, and "be father and mother, brothers and sisters to them."

Two years more, and the Mission reached its majority. Twenty-one years before, in fear and trembling, had the missionaries landed on these savage isles, and now, in 1873, four languages hitherto unknown to the world, were reduced to writing, and more than 2,500,000 pages of the Bible and school books had been printed. Teachers and pastors are being trained in three schools, while a crude form of education is given on many islands by natives who have but a glimmer of light. There are 20 churches, with over 1,000 members, 45 conversions for each year; and best of all, these churches have sent out ten teachers from their own members, and the offerings from their poverty amounts to nearly $1,000.00! The Light is shining in darkness, and the darkness is beginning to comprehend it.

This year three Christian Ponapeans volunteered to go to Mortlock Islands, a subordinate

group in the Caroline archipelago, some 300 miles southwest of Ponape. The "social settlement" idea originating in the brain of a South Sea Islander! It was a brave and Christ-like act, for like Obadiah and Obadinia, they left what was luxury to them, and went among a hostile and heathen people, to danger and to possible starvation.

"God's work never moves backward. Even when to human vision it seems to stand still, the progress is surely, rapidly onward, in His sight, to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past. The progress of God's work in Micronesia seems uneven. In one island standing still, while in another it is shooting ahead unaccountably; yet it is by no means impossible that God sees great progress where human faith perceives only failure." It was one of the encouraging features of the work that what was said to the few was reported to the many, so that the missionaries were often surprised to find how much religious knowledge there was even in obscure neighborhoods. Doors opened before them faster than they could enter them. The knowledge of the Gospel spread from island to island in advance of the missionaries, and thus the natives were ready for teachers.

During the next few years the lonely workers were cheered by the coming of the sorely needed reinforcements. In 1874 Rev. and Mrs. Robert W. Logan and Rev. and Mrs. Frank E. Rand went to Ponape, and Rev. and Mrs. Horace J.

Taylor to the Gilbert Islands, where Mrs. Taylor lived but a few weeks, the climate proving too hard for her. Three years later, Dr. and Mrs. Edmund M. Pease joined the Marshall Islands Mission; and none too soon, for Mr. and Mrs. Snow were breaking under the heavy strain, not so much of actual work, as of too many open doors, too many opportunities. They were needed, sorely needed, in Kusaie to "make Sunday," and just as sorely were they needed on Ebon. At last, however, they were compelled to give up, and in 1878 returned to America.

The missionaries had much the same experiences; the same dark heathenism with which to contend; the same loneliness and weariness and heartache ofttimes; but under all and through all like a silver thread ran the tender joy of helping upward toward the light a people who needed them, and of seeing the souls of many awakening from sleep, and growing in the likeness of the Lord Jesus.

In the winter of 1877 Mr. Logan went with Mr. Sturges to visit the Mortlock Islands. Deeply interested by the wonderful success which had attended the work of the teachers sent from Ponape, he saw that their great need was a leader. On returning to Ponape he at once sought and obtained the consent of his fellow-workers that he should apply himself to acquiring the Mortlock language. To this he gave two years' earnest study, with the aid of a man and wife whom he had brought to Ponape for this

purpose, and then, in 1879, Mr. and Mrs. Logan removed to Oniop, one of the Mortlock Islands—that most solitary of all places, a low, barren, coral island, living at first in questionable comfort in the hut of a trader. We can see them standing on the shore, gazing wistfully after the ship that has brought them there, as it fades away over the distant sea, and leaves them — to what? To natives who will worship these strange white folk as gods? Who will heed their slightest wish, and serve them with reverence and awe? That is romance. This is the the reality: The savages of the island thought the new-comers their legitimate prey—they stole from them all they could steal; they begged all they could beg; and when stealing was impossible, and begging did not avail, they threatened them with cruelty and death.

The days and weeks and months went by, and their little stock of supplies was nearly exhausted. The chiefs placed a tabu on all the products of the island; no native dared, even had he the inclination, to sell them so much as a cocoanut or fish.

Mr. Logan's never strong body could not stand the strain, yet he struggled on, till at last a morning came when he could not leave his bed. Their food was doled out now, so much for every day, if perchance it might keep them from starvation till a ship would come. But careful as they were, there came a day when the last flour was used in making bread, and the last loaf of bread was being eaten. Then, in that dark

hour, their hearts well-nigh breaking, when only a half-loaf of bread stood between them and starvation, a ringing shout was heard:

"Sail, ho! Sail, ho!" The ship had come, and they were saved.

A little schooner was going to New Zealand, and the captain was willing to take them, only where could they live? The cabin was too small, and they must have shelter. A V-shaped roof of thatch was made and placed on the deck amid-ship; from the ridge of this hut to the deck was only four feet, and the only mode of entrance was through a hole, on the hands and knees. In this little schooner, with such accommodations as these, the sick man and his wife made that long voyage of seventy-nine days; exposed to the glare of the tropic sun, which beat down pitilessly upon them; drenched by the heavy rains; at the mercy of the tempestuous waves which swept over the deck and through their frail shelter, threatening to carry them and it into the abyss of the angry sea; dependent on the coarse fare of the forecastle for their food. Well can we believe, though we can but dimly enter into the agonies of that time, that it was a "terrible voyage for them both!" And yet, when they reached America, and the president of one of our leading colleges would have held him up as a hero before the students, Mr. Logan said, with the calm simplicity of a noble soul:

"Sacrifices? I do not know that I have ever made any great sacrifice!" Had he not?

Before leaving Mr. and Mrs. Logan in the Mortlocks, the "Morning Star" went for the first time to Ruk, taking Moses and his wife, Zippora, intending to leave them as teachers if the way opened. "Moses is a real Paul, and much of a gentleman. He is a Gilbert Islander, but was born on a canoe which had drifted out to sea, hence his name. Zippora is no less interesting; she is most helpful to her husband in his work, always thinking of the little things and reminding him of them."

The Ruk people seemed to the missionaries more savage than any other Micronesians they had found, due, perhaps, to their use of red and yellow paint, which they had not before seen; the men wore loin cloths, and large pieces of native cloth with a slit in the center large enough to insert the head. The hair of both men and women was long, and ornamented with flowers and chicken feathers; "the ears were slit and stretched several inches; on this rim of flesh small rings of cocoanut shell were sprung, to which strings of beads were added and allowed to hang down the breast; in this way two or three pounds is suspended from one ear."

A great crowd gathered in front of one of their feast houses, but waited there for the missionaries to land, instead of going out to the ship in their canoes. As the boat shot into the little cove, Mr. Logan stood up, and shouted out the Mortlock salutation. "Instantly there was a rush; the whole crowd came down into the water and seizing hold of the boat, literally bore it

and us up onto the dry land. It was a scene long to be remembered." There was nothing to excite the fears of the missionaries except that some of them had big knives in their hands; still, it was a relief when food was brought and by the king himself, and they all partook in the most friendly fashion.

After they had eaten, Mr. Logan explained to them why they had come, and asked if they wanted and would care for a teacher. "One cautious old fellow who was too conservative to come out from under the native netting, stuck his head out and asked if we had ever seen 'that Spirit.'" However, there was a fair show of hands in the affirmative, so Moses and Zippora were left.

This Ruk Lagoon is one of the largest in all Micronesia, having a diameter of about 25 miles, within which are twenty high islands, rising from 600 to 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, with the usual luxuriant vegetation from the water's edge to the mountain tops. "There are some 10,000 natives, broken into savage and hostile clans, waging incessant warfare, and of dangerous repute with traders and whalers."

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MISSION COMPOUND ON KUSAIE, CAROLINE ISLANDS

CHAPTER VII

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

REMOVAL TO KUSAIE. DIVISION OF FIELD. TOURING. RUK. GIRLS' SCHOOLS

In the meantime the advisability of missionaries continuing to live on the low coral islands was seriously questioned by Dr. Pease, after a year's residence on Ebon.

Already one life had been sacrificed to the unhealthy climate and trying surroundings. Mr. Logan had broken down and barely escaped with his life from the Mortlocks, and Mr. Bingham was fast following in his footsteps in the Gilbert Islands. He suggested changing the Training Schools to the higher island of Kusaie, obtaining land from the king, and building houses for both missionaries and natives; then take pupils to the school from the Marshall Islands, and have them cultivate the land for their support. "We could have a sort of family school, where all the pupils would be under our immediate supervision. The pupils would be away from the contaminating influence of their homes, and the interference of their chiefs. When the 'Morning Star' makes her annual visit we could go around and locate our teachers and secure new scholars. If work grows, lady missionaries could come to Kusaie,

and other missionaries would last longer in the healthier high island."

The plan met with the approval of the Committee as "eminently wise, judicious, and with a just comprehension of the situation." Accordingly in 1879 the Marshall Islands Training School was transferred to Kusaie, followed the next year by the Gilbert Islands School, in charge of the Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Walkup. The purpose of these schools was more clearly defined: "First. The principal object is fitting young men for teaching and preaching the Gospel. Second. All pupils as they enter the schools shall distinctly understand that they come to study for the highest and noblest work in which any man can engage; namely, the preaching of the Gospel of God our Saviour, and for no other purpose."

During all these busy years the missionaries had learned much of the peoples among whom they were living. So strange were their surroundings, and so many were the problems to be solved, and so heavy were the responsibilities that pressed upon them while their numbers were far too few, we cannot wonder that they shut their eyes to the fact that instead of one mission there should be several missions. For a missionary working among the Kusaieans or Ponapeans to be transferred to the Gilbert or Marshall Islands, meant learning new languages and getting acquainted with peoples of an entirely different character. Then there was the constant necessity of reducing expenses

pressed upon them from the homeland. So they got along as best they could, so long as they could. But the time had come when this could no longer be, and at the annual meeting of the entire mission, at Kusaie, in 1880, it was decided that, with the approval of the Prudential Committee, Kusaie should be made the headquarters for the work in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, and that Ponape be made the center for the work in the Carolines. The occupation of Ruk by the American missionaries was also approved, with the intention of extending the work from that island to the adjacent islands on which the same language is spoken. It was also decided that owing to the distances and the necessary interruption to the work by the holding of general meetings annually such meetings should in future be discontinued.

The next year Mr. and Mrs. Whitney left Kusaie for a much needed rest in America; Mrs. Sturges was also compelled to leave Ponape, and the Gilbert Island Mission was saddened by the death of Mrs. Taylor. This year the first unmarried woman was sent to Micronesia, Miss Lillian S. Cathcart going to Kusaie to assist in the Marshall Islands Training School, taking up the work of Mrs. Snow, whose failing health compelled her to return to America, after thirty years of service.

At this time the need of special training for the girls, that they might grow up into a useful, helpful womanhood, was deeply felt. "I need not urge," wrote Dr. Pease, "the necessity of

providing wives for our graduates, who are to be the pastors and teachers of the islands. No missionary work will ever abide unless it is rooted in Christian homes, and such homes will never be found until models are provided in the families of the spiritual guides. If the wife is an ignorant heathen, the home is impossible."

The Woman's Board of the Interior heard and heeded this call, and in 1882 Miss J. Estelle Fletcher was sent out to begin the work among the women and children of Ponape, while the general work of the mission was reinforced by the arrival of Rev. and Mrs. Albert S. Houston.

In the Gilbert Islands, Mr. Taylor, who had suffered much since the death of his wife, was compelled to leave the work in 1883. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham were not able to return, but were doing good service in translating the Bible and other literature for the Gilbert people, making their home in Honolulu. Yet the work in this group, as well as in the neighboring Marshall Islands, was most encouraging. Since the removal of the Training School to Kusaie, the churches and schools of the various islands were in charge of native pastors and teachers, while the American missionaries had general oversight, selecting from these island schools suitable persons to be taken to Kusaie to be trained for the ministry and for teaching. Mr. Walkup reported that the scholars "made more progress in Kusaie in five weeks than at Apaiang in a year. The climate, food, and competition help both intellectually and spiritually. There is

more thoughtfulness and seriousness, more of higher resolves than I ever knew at Apaiang." "The scholars are enthusiastic and diligent," reports Dr. Pease, "always willing to work, and as far as we can judge, they have been steadily growing in their Christian life. The great embarrassment which the school is likely to encounter is the impossibility of accommodating all who wish to come."

With the new arrangement of the Mission the necessity for having better facilities for going from island to island was felt. When the "Morning Star" reached Kusaie, on her annual voyage, the missionaries went on board with the scholars from the various islands who were to return home, and the native preachers and teachers who had completed their study in the training schools, and sailed away 400 miles to the nearest island of the Marshall Group. Here they spent a few hours, or, in some cases, a day or two, in visiting the church and school of which the native laborer had charge; baptize and receive to the communion the candidates who appear worthy; give Christian greeting to the lonely preacher who has had no such fellowship for a year and will have no more for another year; leave the few articles of clothing and small stores which constitute the larger part of his salary, and then go on from island to island doing the same work. Having thus hastily made the one annual visit to each island station, they take on board scholars for the next year in the Training School and return with them to

Kusaie. "So many visits must be made; the winds are apt to be baffling, the currents and counter currents so strong and shifting and so much time is consumed in the passage, that it shortens the stay at each station. There should be opportunity for the American missionary to make the personal acquaintance of the natives, visit them in their homes, see the schools in their daily work, attend the ordinary meetings of the churches, and have prolonged conferences with the native teachers and preachers, thus becoming thoroughly familiar with their work, and 'prime them up' for another twelve month."

The same tour has to be made in the Gilbert Islands, then through the Carolines.

Truly there was no limit to the opportunities for service in these little islands of Micronesia! It seemed impossible to keep pace with the demands of the work. Perhaps the Secretaries of the Board felt like congratulating themselves that the "Morning Star" made but the one trip a year, so the needs that were so real, so soul stirring, and yet so impossible always to meet, could not come to them oftener.

Calls came for helpers; but by the time the new missionaries reached the field there were still more openings, and they too added their appeals in view of the pitiful needs of the ignorant, degraded islanders.

The work in the existing missions was being placed on a better working basis and repeated calls were coming for teachers in the western Carolines. Two teachers had lived and labored

in safety at Ruk, and a house had been provided for them by the people; and now some of the high chiefs of the other islands were raising a commotion because they had no teachers at their islands. A native came on board the "Morning Star," and on being asked what he wanted, pointed to his island home and indicated by gestures that he wanted the ship to go there and take some teachers. "All along the shores of this island world we find the natives pleading for help; we could place fifty men at once, if we had them. Even the natives of Polowot, three days sail from Ruk, are asking for a teacher; they are a fiery people, the rovers and thugs of this part of the ocean, who have often been known to attack and depopulate whole islands."

In the first decade of the work, the appeal was for a ship. And great was the rejoicing when the "Morning Star" "dawned on their horizon;" then came the need of a larger ship, and this need was met. And when this ship went on the rocks, a third and yet larger "Morning Star" replaced her. And now, after fifteen years of service, she too, was wrecked one February day in 1884, at Kusaie, the strong current carrying her on the reef. Again the children and other friends of Micronesia came to the rescue, and the fourth "Morning Star" was built, having auxiliary steam power, so as to assure her, as far as possible, against the perils that wrecked the two other vessels. While this new vessel was being built the "Jennie Walker" had been

chartered for missionary service in Micronesia in place of the wrecked "Morning Star." Mr. and Mrs. Logan took passage in her for their new station at Ruk, where they arrived in October, 1884, after a wearisome voyage of ten weeks. Their house was at once set up at Wola, where a church had been built in anticipation of their coming. At this time the Annual Report states: "With a force equal to the opportunity for evangelistic work and the training of native helpers, there is every reason to look for a great harvest within the next few years. In a single generation there have sprung into existence, out of the uncivilized and ignorant population of these islands, fifty-one churches, in which there is an aggregate of 5,000 members. To care for these churches, to provide for the instruction and training of the youth of these great groups of islands, we have only seven missionaries, but one physician and thirteen assistant missionaries. Within the last two years there have been 1,234 additions to the churches, whose members, out of their poverty, have contributed not less than $4,000 for benevolence and for current expenses. All of these churches, it should be remembered, are self-supporting. From no other mission does there come a louder or more justifiable call for reinforcements than from these lone toilers amid the seas."

Year by year changes came in the working force. This year Mr. and Mrs. Houston were obliged to leave Ponape, and Dr. and Mrs. Pease went to America to put the Marshall Islands

GILBERT ISLANDS' TRAINING SCHOOL, ON KUSAIE

New Testament through the press. In 1885 Mr. Sturges and Miss Cathcart broke down and also went home, but the next year Kusaie was reinforced by the arrival of three unmarried women: Miss E. Theodora Crosby, to assist in the Marshall Islands work, and Miss Sarah L. Smith and Miss Lydia Hemingway to establish a Girls' School at Kusaie.

This undertaking was especially arduous, in that the school was for the girls of both the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, as well as for the Kusaieans. Through unforseen circumstances Miss Hemingway returned home and Miss Smith was alone in the Girls' School the first year. We can imagine the difficulties that beset her path. Three sets of girls, speaking three totally dissimilar languages, to be cared for; a heavy burden to a young and untried missionary. Of her experiences Miss Smith writes:

"Our life from week to week has been the same story of little things, done in a scarcely varying routine—the daily practical house work, in which each must be instructed afresh almost daily, the hours of school work, and the afternoons of sewing, study, work, and recreation, ending with the hour spent about the lamp after evening worship. I have so arranged the departments of work that each week, in a revolving routine, brings each girl a change of duty, and so each becomes acquainted with all kinds of housework. One who has never come in contact with these natives can scarcely appreciate what a difficult thing it is to teach them the very

first principles of right living; the idea of obedience, for instance, seems to be utterly foreign to them. I have realized, more and more deeply, in what I have seen of family life among these people, what an influence these girls may have upon their future.

"I feel the need of an almost infinite supply of the 'grace of patience' in dealing with them; for it is all line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a great deal! Minds unaccustomed to contact with white people and the ways of civilization, have been waking up, very slowly in some cases, and are now, it may be, just ready for the earnest work in the school.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SPANISH PROTECTORATE

PROGRESS OF WORK. CONTEST FOR THE CAROLINES. SPAIN *vs.* GERMANY. SPANISH MISRULE. ARREST OF MR. DOANE. INSURRECTION AT PONAPE. EXPULSION OF MISSIONARIES

During the more than thirty years since the first three families ventured with heroic faith amid the dimly rumored terrors of this island world, the lives of the missionaries had run along for the most part on uneventful lines. They had learned and reduced to writing four languages, and a fifth was rapidly being mastered. They had gone on, step by step, learning the best methods of giving the Gospel to the simple island folk, and how to train them into Christian manhood and womanhood, while being careful to adapt such training to the environment in which the people must necessarily live. The work was that of giving them a knowledge of God the Father; of salvation through His Son, Jesus Christ; and teaching them to do His will in simple lives of purity, truthfulness, and all honesty; building them up in a Christian living which is the highest form of a thorough civilization, though lacking most of the outward accessories of what is ordinarily called civilized living. It was a civilization

adapted to the possibilities of the mass of these island people; it was a Christianity adapted to all mankind, whatever their environment.

But a crisis was coming in the history of these islands, and it is well to pause a moment and take a comprehensive view of what has been accomplished.

In the Annual Report of the American Board for the years 1885–86, we find the following statistical statement of this Micronesian Mission:

Three stations, with 33 out-stations and 20 missionaries; 44 native helpers (including Hawaiians); 51 churches, with 4,987 members; three Training Schools, with 79 pupils; 37 day-schools (taught by natives), having 2,504 pupils.

Of the work in the various parts of the field it was specifically reported as follows:

Gilbert Islands: The six Hawaiian missionaries resident in these islands are appointed and sustained by the Hawaiian Evangelical Association and the principal part of the pastoral work of this group is committed to their hands. In addition, twelve native teachers, who have received their special preparation in the Training School at Kusaie, are actively engaged in evangelistic work and in the day-schools. Nine islands are thus far furnished with Christian churches and schools engaged in an aggressive warfare with heathenism. The general superintendency of the work in this group devolves upon the Rev. A. C. Walkup. Every year he goes through the islands, visiting the churches,

solemnizing marriages, counseling in matters of discipline and teaching, and gathering up new pupils for the Training School, upon the recommendation of the Hawaiian missionaries and the native teachers.

Marshall Islands: Our missionary work reaches eight of the principal islands of this group, and is administered by a native agency of pastors and teachers under the general superintendency of the Rev. E. M. Pease, M.D., who resides at Kusaie, and conducts the Training School in which these native helpers are prepared for their work. In these Training Schools, the scholars do their own cooking, washing, sewing, take care of their own native houses, besides the school-room work, and an hour of farm work every afternoon.

The school farm is of value, not only in training the scholars in habits of industry and giving them healthful exercise, but in furnishing a large quantity of food. "We try to teach them how to work, how to live, and how to make Christian homes. We cannot see the intellectual improvement in our scholars that appears in some other fields, but we always have this encouragement; these Micronesian people are all eager to learn, and there is nothing that they so much wish to know as the Word of God."

Though two years had intervened since the last visit of a missionary, the twenty-two churches in the group were found in unexpected prosperity, and the schools and religious work

well sustained. There were eight day schools with an aggregation of over five hundred pupils. The natives "wanted their missionary to come and teach them, for their words were food and drink, and they were hungry and thirsty."

Ponape: This is one of the two islands first occupied by the missionaries, and it remains a principal center for evangelistic and educational work. Owing to the illness and forced withdrawal of Mr. Sturges, the oversight of the evangelistic work devolved on Mr. Doane. A native pastor on Pingelap and a native teacher on Mokil direct the work on those islands under the supervision of Messrs. Doane and Rand. Statistics show that in these eastern Caroline Islands there are 723 church members with 15 church buildings and 6 day-schools, with 325 scholars.

During the period of one entire generation missionaries have been working on Ponape. Adverse influences still linger, hindering the work, as they did at the Hawaiian Islands years ago. With five tribes and as many kings for three thousand people, there would naturally arise from such sources many antagonistic elements to be contended with, most disheartening to the laborers.

Ruk and the Mortlocks: Work began in the Mortlocks in 1874, and now reaches seven islands of the group and many neighboring islands. The Ruk lagoon, with its ten thousand inhabitants, was first visited by Christian teachers in 1879, and already four islands have churches

with native pastors and schools with teachers, while new places are opening constantly. In these two groups are fifteen churches with 1,030 members, and thirteen day-schools with 979 pupils. The whole work in these central Caroline Islands is under the supervision of the Rev. R. W. Logan, with headquarters at Ruk.

"In view of the wonderful progress which from the first the Gospel has made in these islands, within the lifetime of a single missionary generation, coming up from nothing to 50 churches, all self-supporting, with a present membership of 5,000 (more than one-fifth the whole number now enrolled in all the missions of the Board), with such a record as especially marks the work in the Ruk lagoon, we cannot but emphasize the need of more workmen from the United States, men of piety, energy, and devotion. This is evidently the golden hour for planting the Gospel here, and for binding this heart of the Pacific fast and forever to the kingdom of our Lord."

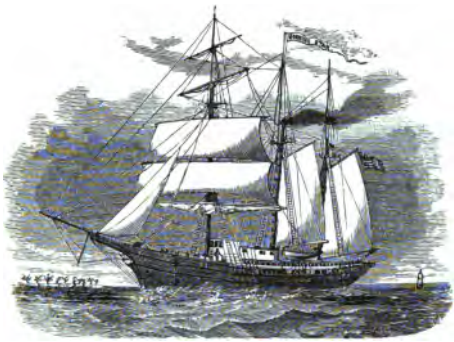
In the meantime, in a "certain European Council," these "pin-heads of creation" were the subject of a somewhat heated debate. Spain claimed the Caroline Islands by right of discovery, but the flag of the Kaiser already floated over the neighboring Marshall Islands, and Germany protested that the Spanish claim "could not be respected, since there was no possession."

The Council adjourned, and not many days hence a German war-ship steamed into the

Caroline Group. At Yap, they found a Spanish man-of-war already riding at anchor, having on board a governor, soldiers, priests, and all materials for building. But unwittingly they had failed to raise the Spanish flag, being more intent on finding a place to locate; when the German vessel entered the harbor, and noting this neglect sent in a boat, and at once ran up the German colors, and claimed possession! Soon it was noised abroad, and under cover of the night the Spanish ran up the crimson and gold of Spain, but it was too late; they were forced to weigh anchor and leave the group to Germany.

From Yap the German war-ship went to Ruk, Ponape, and on to Kusaie, taking all the group, thus making a surer ownership than that which discovery gives. But Spain did not intend to rest the matter here. The German possession was hotly contested, and the matter was referred to the Pope for arbitration. By his decision, the Marshall Islands were left in the possession of Germany, and the Caroline Group was given to Spain.

At this time, certain entries in the journal of Mr. Doane at Ponape are of peculiar interest; we note the following: "Oct. 13, 1885. To-day Ponape becomes Germany's. Emperor William and Prince Bismarck throw out their army to take in as a part of the mighty German Empire these microscopic pinheads of creation. The 'Albatross,' a German man-of-war, came here from the West, where Pelews and Yap



MORNING STAR NO. 4

TWO CHRISTIANS OF PONAPE

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have been annexed, and is going through the group." . . .

"June 26, 1886. The 'Albatross' is here again, to undo all she did last summer in proclaiming Emperor William sovereign over these islands. Germany has yielded to Spain, so now we are Spanish territory." . . .

"July, 1886. These are stirring, startling times for our poor people! A Spanish man-of-war came a few days ago, and a proclamation was issued that all the kings and chief men were to assemble on the ship; they went in fear and trembling, and were made to sign away their islands to Spain. I told them plainly that resistance would be foolish, so they took my advice. The man-of-war party have been kind and courteous to the missionaries and to the natives, assuring us that we should continue our work as heretofore."

Mr. Logan, in a letter dated July 21, 1886, wrote from Ruk: "I am just home from two hard days' work, interpreting and doing other service for the Spanish officials. We have been dreading their coming, but the attitude of the commander of the ship seems very favorable. He says he is glad we are here, and that there shall be no interference with our work."

Had the Spaniards but known it, the missionaries were their truest friends, as they were the friends of the natives; but most unfortunately, they fell into the hands of certain "beachcombers," and not till much trouble ensued did they learn the true character of these men;

then, in justice to the Spanish officials, we are glad to state that they were expelled from the island, and in some instances, from the group, and were forbidden to return.

Something of the part these beach-combers played, may be seen in the distress of one of the native chiefs, who exclaimed to Mrs. Rand, to whom he went for counsel, "What shall I do! orders come to me, and I don't know whether they are from the beach-combers or from the governor. If I stop to inquire I am threatened with flogging and work on the road. Oh," he added, "I would rather be shot than be whipped before my people; I should be so ashamed."

On the thirteenth of March, 1887, a Spanish man-of-war arrived at Ponape, with a governor for the islands, several officers, fifty soldiers, twenty-five convicts, and six Capuchin priests.

The governor promised religious freedom to all, and that the work of the missionaries should not be interrupted—"only, of course, if a new school was opened, the instruction must be in Spanish, and the missionaries must not talk against the Roman Catholic faith." They centered their forces at Kenan, one of the principal mission stations. They encroached so much upon the mission premises that Mr. Doane felt called to send in a protest, but did not do so till all explanations, entreaties and everything that could be said in regard to the rights of the Board were utterly disregarded. The protest did not meet with the governor's approval, and on the thirteenth of April Mr.

Doane was taken prisoner on board the Spanish man-of-war. For three days no one was allowed to see him, then the governor visited him, and for sending in the protest condemned him to fifteen days' imprisonment on board the ship. Mr. Doane submitted, and said nothing. At the end of this time the governor sent him a letter telling him he was to remain a prisoner on further charges, but not stating them. Mr. Doane waited some time, thinking the governor would come; then as he did not he wrote asking what the charges were. The governor did not answer till the eleventh of June, when he sent word that Mr. Doane was to be taken a prisoner to Manila.

Of this action the United States Consul at Manila wrote: "This outrage is being thoroughly looked into by myself as United States Consul. The Captain-General of the Philippine Islands, the superior of the governor at Ponape, is evidently deeply chagrined at this unfortunate occurrence, and intends his recall. In the meantime he does everything in his power to make Mr. Doane's involuntary visit at Manila as agreeable as possible, and assures him that he shall be promptly and properly returned by a Spanish transport to his island home, reinstated in all his possessions and confirmed therein, with full liberty to continue his former labors, teaching, preaching, etc."

During Mr. Doane's absence, the natives, wrought up sufficiently by the forcible captivity and deportation of him whom they con-

sidered their father, were about the beginning of July, celebrating a national holiday of theirs when no work of any kind is done. The governor undertook to make them labor as usual on the roads, or whatever public task had been allotted them. On their refusal he sent word that as governor he would force them to obey; the chiefs answered that though he might claim rulership, they were the real rulers of the island. He next sent a detachment of soldiers, Filipinos, under a Spanish officer, who, upon the natives persisting in their refusal, opened fire; a general onslaught followed, ending with the total destruction of the soldiers with a single exception, who wounded, managed to return to the main body which hastily intrenched at headquarters. The women and children and the Capuchin priests had been removed to the partly dismantled, yet strongly armed transport in the harbor. The besieged Spanish remnant on shore sent an interpreter—a Cape Verde half-caste — to parley with the infuriated natives. This fellow played false to both parties, thus making matters worse. The Spaniards, finding their situation more and more critical, attempted to reach the transport, but were cut off, and almost the whole Spanish force was annihilated.

All the highest officials at Manila shared the opinion that but for the wanton removal of Mr. Doane, this tragedy would not have occurred. Martial law was proclaimed over the Carolines by Spain in August, 1887, being meant quite as much for the beach-combers as for the natives.

The governor-general gave stringent orders that Mr. Doane and the other missionaries were not only to be let alone, but that "their good offices in favor of Spanish reoccupation were to be solicited."

Mr. Doane reached Ponape the last of August, 1887, and received a joyous welcome from his people. He at once set about inducing them to surrender, and surrender it was; and not only this, but they returned to the Spaniards the launch, cannon, and other things they had captured.

In October the new governor, Don Luis Cadasso, arrived, and with him 700 soldiers, and at once made known the terms on which he would proclaim peace. 1. Complete submission 2. Surrender of Spanish property; 3. Return of deserters; 4. Giving up the men who had killed the former governor.

The only point not entirely settled was the occupation of certain mission lands at Jamestown Harbor, which have been held for years by the missionaries in virtue of some deeds executed by different chiefs conveying lands to Mr. Doane for the use of the mission. Upon the arrival of the Spanish a portion of this land was resigned to them, but they encroached upon the remaining portions. The governor-general at Manila had assured Mr. Doane that his title to lands conveyed to him in good faith by the natives previous to the Spanish occupation, would not be interfered with.

In the meantime Mrs. Rand had seized an op-

portunity offered to go to Japan, where it was hoped she could get into communication with officials of the United States Government. In this she was successful, for in November of this year, 1887, the United States sloop-of-war, "Essex," reached Ponape from the fleet in Japan, and its arrival had a salutary effect on both the Spanish and natives.

For a time all went well. Messrs. Doane and Rand struggled against increasing ill-health to rebuild the mission houses and more than all to shepherd their stricken people, but in 1888 Mr. Rand broke down utterly and was obliged to leave the island. Mr. Doane remained at his post till early in 1890, when he was carried on shipboard and taken to Honolulu, where, worn out by all he had endured, he entered into rest on the fifteenth of May. There remained on Ponape of the entire mission force, but two women, Miss Palmer and Mrs. Cole, the widow of a trader and a helper in the mission.

The lull in hostilities was of short duration, as was the governor's remembrance of the fair promises he had made. In the summer of 1890, forts and other buildings were erected near the mission premises at Oua. Two weeks later two priests came, and insisted that their houses and church should be erected on the mission grounds, and they were put up sixty feet in front of the mission church. More soldiers and priests came from Manilla, so the whole Spanish force numbered 1,000.

Outbreaks and skirmishes between natives

and soldiers were of frequent occurrence. Mr. Rand returned on the "Morning Star" Aug. 20th, and attempted to make peace; the governor refused to protect him, though the missionaries had saved the lives of the priests at great hazard. For two weeks he persevered in his attempts, but the governor ordered him to cease holding meetings; then to cease communicating with the natives. On Sept. 11, the "Morning Star" sailed for Kusaie, taking Misses Fletcher and Foss, and twelve girls from other islands, the governor refusing to allow a single Ponape girl to leave the island, Miss Palmer and Mrs. Cole took the Ponape girls to Kiti, and hardly were they out of the houses, when the two men-of-war and two transports began a five days' bombardment of the settlement; the mission buildings, or what remained of them were burned to the ground.

The next month, in October, the two ladies who had remained, Misses Fletcher and Palmer, were given less than twenty-four hours to vacate the buildings they then occupied, by these representatives of what is supposed to be a civilized nation, and these too were burned to the ground. Mr. Rand was forbidden to leave the Spanish colony. All meetings and school work were forbidden, and when an American schooner then in the harbor, offered to take the two ladies to Kusaie, they were forbidden to leave the island.

But the American missionaries were not to be left to the mercy of the Spanish governor.

God bless the United States navy! A few days later, the United States war-ship "Alliance," Commander H. C. Taylor, arrived in harbor. We can imagine the joy of these two lonely and unprotected women when they saw the Stars and Stripes floating from the masthead of that vessel and knew that they were safe.

Don Luis Cadasso yielded to the gentle persuasion of the man-of-war, and allowed the ladies to leave the island. The missionaries were at last driven out, and only a few faithful natives were left to continue the work.

Can anything be more pathetic than the instance of the once heathen, but now Christian chief, sitting down in the ashes of what had been the mission church, and weeping over the desolation around him? "As I was sitting there," he wrote to the absent missionaries, "some of the natives who were wandering around saw me, and came where I was. Soon quite a number were gathered, and we thought we would have a prayer-meeting. We sang and prayed, but soon every one was crying. We tried to sing again, but they cried harder and harder. We remembered every one of you, and wished you could be with us."

MICRONESIANS PREPARING ARROWROOT

CHAPTER IX

RUK

SCHOOL WORK. DANGER. TOURING. RECRUITS. DEATH OF MR. LOGAN. THE "SLOUGH OF DESPOND"

While these stirring events were taking place on Ponape, the missionaries at the other stations on Kusaie and Ruk, were quietly carrying on their work, fully realizing that the day might not be far distant when they, too, would be obliged to leave the peoples who had become so dear to them.

In the fall of 1886, after the Rev. and Mrs. R. W. Logan had been two years at Ruk, they held a school examination.

"We had invited the four Ponape teachers with their people," wrote Mrs. Logan, "the latter to be present at the examination, the teachers to remain over Sunday to attend our general meeting. A good many came with each teacher, scholars and old people, also not a few from neighboring districts. It was an assemblage of paint and filth, as well as of those decently clothed and with some christianity in their hearts. Our people made a feast of fish, young cocoanuts and breadfruit, of which probably a thousand people partook. The school examination was in the afternoon. Forty-eight scholars can read, and it was a joy to see the whole num-

ber stand up and read, each from his own copy of the Scriptures; many of them are getting beyond the stage of word-calling into that of intelligent reading. The school also did creditably in singing, writing, and in the beginnings of arithmetic and geography."

The next morning the teachers and their wives, with the missionaries, gathered for their own mission meeting, when they were interrupted. One of the boys came running in, out of breath and covered with perspiration, saying he had seen a large ship working up the south side of Uela, and thought it was the "Morning Star." The meeting was adjourned, while Mr. Logan went out to the ship, which proved to be the "Star."

After the general mission meeting was over and the "Star" had gone, the solitary family turned to their boxes and letters. "As we opened not a few boxes, we had not ordered, we said to each other, 'Surely the Lord intends that we shall go on with the work and not be anxious about the means of support for the scholars.' Our eyes filled with tears as one useful and beautiful thing after another was taken out, and the children took in at once a whole year's enjoyment of shopping. It took us about three weeks, what spare time we could get, to read our letters, and what a source of inspiration and cheer these many good letters are!"

These lonely workers at Ruk were not entirely free from danger in their island home:

"A 'young blood' was afraid that some land

of his would be taken on which to build a church, and so planned with some others to kill the teachers that the new religion might be overthrown. There are many young fellows who seek the notoriety and popularity accorded to one who has killed someone. This is the cause of not a little of the fighting. There seems to be no shrinking from the guilt of murder, and to kill a foreigner gives greater notoriety than to kill a native. Then, too, there has never been any inquiry on punishment for the murders that have been committed. At Hall's Island, about forty miles north, the whole crew of a wrecked vessel were massacred. She was probably American, but there is little left to tell the tale. Three traders have also been killed within a few years, one here and two at islands not far away, and no one has been punished. In many parts of Ruk life is still not safe. The natives say that no one has been punished for killing foreigners, so why should they fear? They will wait for the next man-of-war, and see if punishment is meted out. Meantime, the work goes hopefully on, and we can trust quite implicitly our Christian people. The danger is not at home but when we go abroad."

They sorely needed help. There were five stations in this Ruk Lagoon alone, besides the Mortlock Islands to be looked after, and the burden of all the churches fell on Mr. Logan.

They began a vigorous campaign against the long hair of the men, the *tabu* of the land, and the use of *taik*, or the reddish-yellow paint with

which they disfigure themselves. It is very costly, yet they cannot forego the satisfaction of making themselves hideous and disgustingly filthy with the stuff. The men would give it up, but the women, and especially the younger ones, are very obstinate about it. Such is the power of fashion!

Of a proposed tour through the Mortlocks, Mr. Logan writes: "This trip means three weeks of very hard work, and roughing it among the natives, both as to food and sleep, so it is very hard for Mrs. Logan to let me go, but she bears herself bravely. Such partings are hard, however."

The "Morning Star" took him to Lukunor, the nearest of the Mortlock Islands, and then leaving him to make the rest of the tour in the canoes of the natives, squared away for Honolulu.

Canoe riding for pleasure and of necessity is very different. "The rolling, pitching, and tossing on one of these canoes in a rough sea is indescribable. Often the canoe a half mile ahead with its sail more than twenty feet high, would be completely out of sight, and then again seemed lifted high into the air. We had to watch closely to keep from capsizing. A boy was put upon the outrigger to act as sliding balance, dodging in toward the canoe, when the outrigger went under, and to its outer verge, when it went up into the air."

When they were obliged to travel by night Mr. Logan crawled into the little cabin about three and a half feet high, and lay down upon a

mat. "I got a good deal of troubled sleep in short naps, interspersed between intervals of rolling over to rest my aching back and hips, and bracing up against the rolling of the canoe."

Thus voyaging from island to island, he visited the various churches under his care, and found the work on the whole encouraging. At one island a deacon reported a good many Christians were "sick" as to religion; there had been much quarrelling, some fighting, and not a little sin of other kinds. Yet even here some earnest Christians were found.

At another island the native deacon was found preparing to resume trading in *taik*. He said to Mr. Logan: "I am willing to give up *taik*, if you say so; it is a small matter, on the skin only. But what shall a man do who has nothing to put into his stomach? My lands are almost all gone, and I can get nothing to eat." Mr. Logan was able to get his lands back again for him, for which he was very thankful, and readily gave up the traffic in *taik*.

So they went through the group, visiting the chiefs, going over church rolls, counselling the pastors and teachers, holding Communion services at some islands, and meetings at others, and examining the young men and the girls who presented themselves as candidates for the Training Schools at Ruk. They returned to Ruk on a small schooner, which was but little more than a large boat. "We brought back three couples for our Training School, and were obliged to leave behind four couples who wanted

to come. It has been very miserable for those who came on the little vessel. There were eighteen of us at the last, including five children. The only cooking facility on board is a half barrel lined with tin, in which a fire can be built, and water boiled for tea or coffee, and food boiled in a pot.

"On the whole, it seems to me that the work at the Mortlocks, etc., is in better condition than last year. It is going to be a struggle with *taik* and long hair, but I believe that by patiently pushing the matter we shall get the victory, and they will grow spiritually by being willing to give up for Jesus' sake such bad customs. I think I never realized so fully before what a hand to hand struggle with the powers of evil it is. The workers are so few, the good influences seem to have so little power, and the powers of evil are so strong. The slowness, darkness, and wickedness of human hearts; the love for old ways and the inclination to gratify the appetites and passions; the evil influences of traders and ships, and all the powers of the Evil One himself. Yet the Gospel has taken root and does grow, although slowly. What folly to expect that these races can take on pure morals and Christian civilization in a few years! Souls can be saved, morals and manners improved, and the seeds of all progress planted and nourished; but the century plant grows quickly in comparison with true civilization. If we could only have help enough to have good schools everywhere, and teachers with characters

to command universal respect, and sufficient enlightenment and force to push forward reform in all directions, making Christianity tell in all ways, bettering the life that now is and leading to the life to come, it seems as if very much might be accomplished; now we can but strike a blow here and there. Yet, as I said the progress is on the whole, encouraging."

Of his labors, more abundant in this comparatively new field, we have but occasional glimpses. "I try to get time to translate a little every day, but it is only by earnest effort many days that I can do even a little, as there are so many things demanding attention." "It is a time of great scarcity of food all over the group. I bought quite a piece of swamp land which we are weeding and planting with taro. Since I returned from the Mortlocks I give medicine but once a day, thus gaining time between the morning meeting and breakfast to oversee the work on the land, one very important part being fighting the weeds, which are very hard to kill, often growing from twelve to twenty feet high. There is no reason why food should not be plenty now instead of the famine. But it has been the custom of the people to rely almost wholly on the breadfruit crop, and when that fails, they have nothing to fall back upon.

"I have just counted up those for whose clothing we are responsible, and find there are fifty. Mrs. Logan does most of the cutting, because she can do it more economically, and she has to exercise more or less of supervision

over all the sewing. To-day, a chief, who is a candidate for church membership, came with cloth for a pair of trousers, which none of his people could make for him. Mrs. Logan cut them out and I ran the sewing machine for her!"

In August, 1887, the "Morning Star" returned to them, bringing the much-needed helpers. "One's feelings at such a time can be better imagined than told. It was about fourteen months since the date of the last letters we received from home, and then the uncertainty as to reinforcements, and who they would be if any should come, and all, were most trying. We feel very thankful and very happy."

But the long strain of the past year told on Mr. Logan, and the helpers came too late. Four months from the date of their arrival, and he was stricken with a fever from which he had not strength to rally, and on the twenty-seventh of December, 1887, he went to the home above. Of these weeks of illness, Mrs. Logan writes: "Think what it would be if you had no physician and no adviser; if you had no cooling drinks for the fever-stricken one. . . . No one but God knows the agony of those weeks! The pain, the suffering for him, the anxiety, the dread, the despair for me."

The last three days were full of constant and intense suffering, yet in the midst of it Mr. Logan's chief thought was of his people. To his wife he said: "When you go home, you must tell the young men and women how much they are needed here."

MARSHALL ISLAND VILLAGE ON LAGOON. HOMES OF CHRISTIANS

"How can I tell them to come here and bear what we have borne, and pass through what I am passing through now?" she replied.

"It is the Lord's work," was the steadfast answer, "It is worth all we are giving to it!" "*Greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life.*"

The next decade was full of trial for the struggling mission. At Ruk the hostility of warring tribes added to the difficulties of the situation, while constant changes in the mission force retarded the work. Older and experienced missionaries were breaking down, and their places were taken by new workers, who had much to learn beside the language. In 1887 the stricken Ponape Mission had a ray of light in the arrival of Lucy M. Ingersoll, M.D. The next year Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Snelling went to Ruk and Mrs. Logan went to America with her children; Miss Alice C. Little went to the assistance of Miss Smith in the Girls' School at Kusaie, and shortly after her arrival the whole Mission was stricken by the death of Mrs. Walkup in August, and the temporary closing of the Gilbert Islands Training School. In 1889 Mrs. Logan returned to Ruk to open a school for girls, which was greatly needed, and Rev. and Mrs. John J. Forbes went to join the Ponape Mission, but Mr. Forbes only lived a few weeks after his arrival, and Mrs. Forbes returned to Kusaie, and to the United States in 1894.

"If missionaries have such a road to travel as Bunyan's Pilgrim," wrote Dr. Pease, "I think

our Mission has arrived at the Slough of Despond. Mr. Logan gone, the missionaries driven from Ponape, the Gilbert Islands Mission without a head, and the prospect is that the Marshall Islands Mission will be in alike condition in the near future; if these people are ever to have the Scriptures in their own tongue, I must devote myself to translating, and who is to take my place here?"

CHAPTER X

THE GILBERT AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

TRIALS. THE GILBERT ISLANDS. THE CATHOLICS. THE ENGLISH PROTECTORATE. THE COMPLETE BIBLE. THE MARSHALL ISLANDS. THE GERMAN PROTECTORATE. KAIBUKI AND JEREMAIA. A TIDAL WAVE

Even in the Slough of Despond, there were rays of light, though during the next decade trials of almost every sort befell the Mission. Tornadoes, earthquake, a tidal wave; war; protectorates that did not protect; the falling away of weak Christians; and how easily tempted these island peoples are, no one who has not lived among them can fully realize. There was much sickness among the missionaries, and uncertain communication with the outside world. The "Morning Star" is here this year; will it come next? Rumors that the ship was to be sold; that the work was to be transferred to some other society, were wafted to them, from what source they hardly knew. Truly, they had much to endure, shut in, as they were, to their island solitudes. Well did one of the earlier missionaries call it "the curtain of silence" which hung heavily between them and the outside world! Isn't it Rutherford who says?—

"But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight—and the dew;
So Christ from one who loved it
His sunshine oft withdrew."

To these lonely, anxious toilers in the seas, if He gave them the weeping which endured for the night and its shadows, He also gave them the morning joy.

Except an occasional letter sent by a chance trading vessel, or one of the warships, now a usual sight among the islands, the Missions had less in common than ever. So heavy were the burdens resting upon each, that their own islands and their own people demanded all their time and all their thought, and we can best consider them as distinct missions,

The Gilbert Islands: After Mr. Walkup had taken his motherless children to America, he returned to the Gilbert Islands with a little schooner, the "Hiram Bingham," which was henceforth to be his home, as he gave his whole time to the work in the group, while Rev. and Mrs. Irving M. Channon arrived in 1890 to care for the Training School at Kusaie.

At this time the French Catholics were beginning work in this and the Marshall group, and their presence everywhere was followed by a wave of heathenism. "The pipe is in constant use; men women, children, and even nursing babies take it. The traders sold 300 pounds of tobacco a month at one island, Nonouti, costing on an average twenty-five nuts to each person,

and most of the people are in native dress. In spite of this, the native Christians are generally faithful, and their contributions were over 25,000 cocoanuts;" and these from people who have not much else for food.

In 1891 Tibureimoa, one of the island kings of considerable repute, came to the United States to ask for a protectorate over the group; his request was not granted, and the following year the Gilbert Islands were annexed to Great Britain, and a governor arrived, taking Tarawa as his headquarters. At this time the group was suffering from "drought, dancing, and Catholicism." The governor at first proposed that the group be divided between the Protestants and Catholics, but Mr. Walkup declined to consider it for a moment, inasmuch as nearly all the islands were already occupied, and there were Christians in almost every village, and so the project was dropped.

When Mr. Walkup made his next tour throughout the group, it was to find island after island in a demoralized condition. A wave of heathen dancing and all its concomitant evils had swept through the group. At first they were at a loss to account for it, coming as it did so closely after the establishment of law and order and schools under the British Protectorate, especially as the same conditions prevailed in every island but one: Mariana. But seeking patiently, they discovered that the English Governor had started the whole thing by making the serious blunder of trying to regulate without

altogether prohibiting the practice of dancing. He had told them they might dance on New Year's Day, the Queen's birthday, and a few such holidays, but at no other time. He "did not like to take away what he called the people's pleasures and games." As soon as the governor had left, the natives interpreted the restrictions to suit themselves. The liberty to dance on certain days they took to be a general license for dancing, thinking, no doubt, that if it was right to dance one day, it must be another. So they danced day and night—for practice!

With the coming of a new governor, however, the dancing was put down with a rigid hand, and signs of progress were visible at many places; laws slowly but surely were enacted and enforced. Schools were established, and all children under seventeen years of age were expected to attend them, while boys over that age were put to work. The new governor added to his good deeds by asking for resident white Protestant teachers throughout the group.

In Honolulu Mr. Bingham had completed the translation of the entire Bible into the language of the Gilbert Islands. Of this, he says: "In February, 1859, one year and three months after our arrival among some 30,000 people, living on eighteen islands, without books, or the art of reading and writing, after having studied the language and reduced it to writing, I commenced what has proved to be the principal work of my life: the translation of the entire Bible from the original. With all my

heart I say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!' "

On one of the islands of this group, but recently a heathen priestess announced that she had had a vision from the Angel Gabriel, who told her the people must cease the heathen worship, and serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

And the touring missionary reports "there are signs of progress everywhere."

The Marshall Islands: About 1890 the German rule in this group began to be slightly oppressive. The churches were allowed to take collections but twice a year—in January and July—times when there were fewest cocoanuts, of which their contributions consist, and considering their resources, enormously heavy taxes were imposed on each island. "Poor, miserable people!" writes a missionary, "between the Germans and their own chiefs life is made burdensome for them. The chiefs are oppressive, and exact so much from their subjects, it is a wonder how they manage to live. Recently the chief Loiak went to Namo, and took all that the people might have used for barter: cocoanuts, mats, fans, shells, coral, etc.; they have had no school, the teacher said, because they are so hungry. Most of them are so poor as to have but one garment, and when that is gone the wearer drops out of his place in the church. If you want to see poverty and starvation, come to Namo; the people are all thin and gaunt; there is little breadfruit at any time, and if that is out of season they must live as best they can.

Even the cocoanuts are *tabu* at times, when the copra is being made for the Germans or the chiefs."

The Komissar complained that the native Christians were too strict on the tobacco question, as the traders sold far less on the islands where there were Christian teachers. The missionaries acknowledged this, but reminded him that on the same islands they probably sold ten times their former amount of clothing. He admitted this, but said they wanted to sell the tobacco, and "why should the natives be deprived?"

On the other hand the Komissar saw the pernicious effects of even beer upon the natives, and enacted stringent temperance laws, forbidding the traders selling intoxicants to the natives. For the first offence the trader was reprimanded; for a second he was fined twenty marks, and for a third offence he was expelled from the group.

Dr. Pease, who had been in the work for nearly twenty years, had repeatedly asked to be relieved that he might give his whole time to translating the Scriptures. Already he had succeeded in completing the New Testament and a few Psalms, amid the pressure of other work, but now he sent an imperative call to the homeland for a successor, which the Board passed on: "In the Marshall Islands, as at Ruk, is a work like that of a Paton, a Patteson, nobly maintained by Dr. Pease long after the time of his retirement has come. He has conducted

MARSHALL ISLAND GIRLS AT SCHOOL ON KUSAIE

the Training School; directed the evangelistic work, and school work on the islands; attended to the medical work; conducted the industrial work, and, in the rare intervals of rest, translated the Scriptures and many hymns. It is a high privilege to take up the work so grandly begun." Their appeal was not in vain, and when Dr. and Mrs. Pease and Mrs. Forbes returned to America in 1894, Rev. Clinton F. Rife, M.D., and his wife, were ready to go down to take his place in the Marshall Islands work.

Another Komissar had also been sent out to govern the group, and Dr. Irmer proved both friendly and helpful. The rule over these far-away dependencies of the great nations of the earth is in the hands of the man they send to represent them. A good man, a humane and just government; a bad man, harsh rules, heavy taxes and unjust treatment; in justice to England, Spain, and Germany, the three powers that have reached out after these "pinheads of creation," this should ever be borne in mind.

Dr. Irmer's rule was beneficent in every respect; he was kindly disposed to the people, while he insisted on absolute obedience to the laws. In 1896 he proclaimed that no work was to be done on the Sabbath by either native or trader, and if the latter violated this law, he would be fined. He was much liked by the people who said they wanted him to "stay forever." But it was not to be, and with his successor, the pendulum again swung to the opposite extreme. He complained that the people

were too strict in giving up their heathen practices and in observing the Sabbath, and again heavy taxes were enforced. Yet in spite of taxes, and in spite of famine, the work went steadily onward, till the offerings of the people from their poverty made the work practically self-supporting. On Mille in time of famine, where the teachers had but one cocoanut a day to eat, the contributions amounted to over a hundred dollars.

Two natives stand out preeminently among this Marshall people. The high chief Kaibuki, the powerful savage who befriended the first missionaries who visited these islands, though he was noted for his blood-thirsty ferocity. He had been the friend of the missionaries through all these years, though himself not a Christian. He built a church for his people and insisted that they should attend it; took possession of all their cocoanuts, etc., leaving them nothing with which to buy clothing or Bibles, and then bought the latter for them. On being given a Bible and hymn-book for himself, he promised to "look at them," which was a concession.

The other is the Rev. Jeremaia, of whom Dr. Irmer said: "I could not govern the islands without him." A strong, quiet, unassuming spirit-filled man, on whom the missionaries leaned, to whom the native Christians turned in time of stress, and always found help; whose quiet strength kept heathen turbulence at bay, and prevented many an outbreak against unjust taxes and cruel acts. He was a young man when

the work began on the islands, and had little education apart from a wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. Much of the steady success of the work in this group is undoubtedly due to the presence and influence of this one man, Jeremaia.

Four hundred miles from the Marshall Islands, but counted with them and under German rule, is Nauru, or Pleasant Island. From time to time native teachers had gone there, but when in 1902 Rev. Mr. Delaporte began work, of the 1,500 people on the island, but fifteen were clothed.

In three years, in spite of an unsympathetic Komissar who strongly urged that the natives be left unclothed to their pipes and "toddy," there is an average congregation of 600, and not more than twenty are unclothed.

While the natives were struggling to collect the copra to pay the taxes for their chiefs and foreign rulers, a tidal wave swept through the group in 1905, causing much loss of life, and considerable damage to property. When the remaining people recovered from the dazed condition in which it had left them, they thanked God for deliverance and again took up their burden of life. Many were drawn into the churches who had before been indifferent.

And here in the Marshall, as well as in the Gilbert groups, but two things are needed for the onward progress of the work which God has so richly blessed—a friendly, pro-Christian resident governor, and a sufficient number of workers. These isles are in a very literal sense—*waiting*.

CHAPTER XI

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

KUSAIE. PONAPE. RUK LAGOON. MORTLOCKS. OTHER ISLANDS. THE CYCLONE

Kusaie: In the spring of 1891 a tornado swept through the group in a westerly direction, doing great damage. "Scarcely half a dozen native houses were left standing on Kusaie, and the breadfruit and cocoanut trees are almost wholly destroyed. The Gilbert Islands settlement suffered the most; all but two or three of their native houses were destroyed, and Mr. Channon's house was entirely unroofed, so that for three days and nights the rain fell in torrents upon everything within, destroying much and injuring it all." Can we comprehend what this meant to them, with the basis of supplies 3,000 miles away, and but one opportunity a year to replace them, and that rather uncertain?

The iron roofing was torn from the Girls' School building, and some of it carried fully a quarter of a mile by the gale; but they were thankful that through it all no lives were lost, either of missionaries or natives.

The tornado left them facing a famine, as the supply of native food on which all three schools largely depended, was cut off, and for some time they lived on fish, rice, and wild roots.

The work in the three schools was very much the same from day to day and week to week. Six weeks of school, then two weeks vacation through the year; that is, vacation from school work, for the missionaries have no vacation in the sense of getting away from their work where they can have an absolute change—that only comes when they break down and come home.

The problems of the Girls' School were many. There were still the three sets of girls, Gilbert, Marshall, and Kusaian; three languages to be used, and a balance to be maintained among them. Miss Jessie R. Hoppin, who took up the work in 1890, was eminently fitted to act as principal, and carry on the school in the lines laid down by Miss Smith, when she became Mrs. Garland of the "Morning Star." During her banishment from Ponape, Miss Palmer assisted Miss Hoppin, and before her return to her own work, Miss Louise E. Wilson reached the school, and with rare devotion and self-sacrificing love won her way speedily to the hearts of the girls. Later a third teacher arrived, Miss Jennie Olin, and yet there is room for all another hand and head and heart could give.

In 1894 Dr. and Mrs. Pease returned home and their work passed into the hands of Dr. and Mrs. Rife. Miss Crosby, who had been home for nearly four years, returned this year, to assist in the school while they were acquiring the language.

In 1896, they received a call from Dr. Irmer,

the Komissar over the Marshall Islands; of this visit he reported to his government:

"I hardly know a place that surpasses Kusaie in picturesque charm and natural beauty. . . . The natives show a higher grade of cultivation than those of Jaluit, which may well be ascribed to the influence of the American Mission. It must be acknowledged that with the help of the magnificent natural advantages of Kusaie the leaders of the Mission have done everything to make the stay of their pupils and their education pleasant. The instruction, too is given in an earnest, judicious manner. The neat dresses of the pupils, their unconstrained joyousness and their healthy appearance, show that careful attention is paid to their physical well being."

The missionaries did what work they could among the Kusaians, the greater number of whom were either Christians or adherents. Meetings were held with the women, and Mr. Channon conducted a training class for men, which was most successful, many natives walking from five to twenty miles in order to attend. The king, who had been a notoriously bad man, long resisting every effort to help him, came regularly and showed by his life that he was a changed man. On the other side of the island Likiak Sa, the aged pastor, still shepherded his flock, as in the days of Mr. Snow.

Ponape: Owing to the repeated refusal of the Spanish authorities to allow the missionaries to return to Ponape "without permission from Madrid," and being utterly unwilling to abandon

the people to their fate, Mr. and Mrs. Rand and Misses Fletcher and Foss located temporarily on Mokil, sixty miles east of Ponape, a coral island, but higher and having more vegetation than most of them. The island has an interesting history, in that, before the missionaries reached Micronesia, a white trader, frightened by a serious illness, reformed and tried to teach the natives. He persuaded them to discard their heathen practices, and to keep the Sabbath; they built a church, in which he told them "all he knew." It was not much, but it left its impress on the simple natives, and the missionaries ever had a warm welcome among them

When there began to be signs of hope that the "work made sacred by the memory of Sturges and Doane" might again be continued and brought to a full fruition the lonely waiting group on Mokil were worn out with the strain, and Mr. and Mrs. Rand and Miss. Fletcher returned to America.

On Ponape the greater number of the Christian people remained faithful under the leadership of Henry Nanepei, a young chief. Some months after the United States Government had compelled Spain to reimburse the American Board for the destruction of the mission, in 1896, word came that the "Morning Star" might go to Ponape, and the missionaries might communicate with the natives, but could not as yet take up their work again. Petty persecution was kept up against the natives, and all

sorts of methods were used to entice Nanepei away from the Protestants; at length he was thrown into prison, with his wife and children, and remained there until the close of the Spanish-American War.

The Spanish transport sailed from Ponape to Manila for supplies, and was captured by Admiral Dewey; and the Spanish, knowing nothing of the war, waited in vain for its return; their provisions gave out, and Henry Nanepei from the prison where they had placed him, ordered his people to feed them! Is this case paralleled in civilized warfare?

With the United States in the Philippines and Guam, Spain had no use for her other possessions in the Pacific, and sold them to Germany. Shortly after Nanepei's release, in October, 1899, the German flag was raised over the Carolines and great was the rejoicing of the people. The twelve years of Spanish misrule were over, and there was no hindrance to the re-opening of the Mission. Dr. Hahl, the new governor, warned the Spaniards who remained that they must not interfere in religious matters. His first order was to prohibit the use and sale of all intoxicating liquors to the natives, under penalty of severe punishment. The next move was a guarantee of religious liberty, free and absolute, to all sects and all creeds. A small tax was to be imposed on all business, but not at first on the natives. No more guns or ammunition were to be landed. Employment was offered to all who would work. The governor's

PONAPE BOYS IN TRAINING

GIRLS IN PONAPE SCHOOL

"staff" consisted of his physician and secretary, and a port-captain!

In 1900 the Ponape Mission was reopened by Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Gray and Misses Palmer and Foss. When they arrived, Dr. Hahl and his associates, with Henry Nanepei, went to the schooner "Queen of the Isles," on which they had come from Honolulu, and gave them a hearty welcome, with offers of practical assistance.

When the natives heard that they had brought Bibles, hymn-books, and primers with them, there was a rush. From early morning till school time, and again after school they came to buy; those who had no money brought yams, bananas, chickens, and cocoanuts.

"It was an everyday occurrence to have several little children wearing simply a deep fringe of grass about the hips, come with a small piece of slate under one arm and under the other a chicken, which, they said with bright faces, they brought for a primer. How their eyes would shine when the book was fairly in their little brown hands!"

"The shadows sometimes confront us," writes Mr. Gray, "but the sunshine never seems far away, and the outlook is most favorable in reopening the work."

Ruk: "Living at Ruk is like living over a volcano," wrote Mrs. Logan in 1890. "There is fighting all around us, and in a sense, I suppose, we are in danger. Oh, for some certain communication with the outside world! Where

is the 'Morning Star?' Fourteen months is a long time to wait for supplies. Our flour was out some weeks ago, but Mrs. Snelling divided with us." "We had enough for one small loaf," Mrs. Logan wrote later, "when the chartered ship came with supplies, and better still, this was followed by the coming of the little schooner, the 'Robert W. Logan' for work in the Ruk Lagoon and the Mortlocks, and also by the needed reinforcements, Misses Kinney and Abell for the Girls' School, and Rev. and Mrs. Francis M. Price for the general work."

"We have been more completely shut off from any communication with the outside world than usual," wrote Mrs. Logan. "Captain Milander, who usually comes to us once in four or five months, and at least brings us news from our friends at Kusaie, has not been here for eight months. He came once as near as Losap, and left a letter for us, saying the Spanish governor had forbidden his coming to Ruk, or telling the reason why!" . . .

"A Japanese trading schooner has brought us a mail, and told of the war between the United States and Spain. . . . We begin to have a real shut-in feeling. Surely, something is happening in the great world! Are there stirring events of which we know nothing? Who can tell? Has our 'Morning Star' been captured by the Spanish? In that case would we ever get our mail? What would we do for supplies? One surmise was as good as another, and there was nothing to do but wait, and that as patiently

as possible. Our supplies held out fairly well, although Mr. Price said he did not know but we should be ready to adopt the form of blessing used by some poor college students who boarded themselves: 'O Lord, we thank Thee for this miserable food provided for our dying bodies!' "

In 1893 the "Robert W. Logan" sailed for Japan, and probably was lost at sea. Three years later, the "Robert W. Logan II" was sent to take its place, in command of Capt. George I. Foster, who also assisted in the general work of the Mission; but after only two years of service it too was wrecked in 1898, going on a reef while touring in the Mortlocks.

In the meantime Miss Kinney returned to America in failing health, and Miss Beulah Logan, finding there was no one to go to her mother's assistance, asked for and received appointment for temporary service, and although only nineteen years of age did good work for the Mission. In 1898 Miss Abell came home for much-needed medical care, and Rev. and Mrs. Martin L. Stimson, and the Misses Elizabeth and Jane D. Baldwin were sent out. Their arrival was opportune, for Mr. and Mrs. Price as well as Mrs. Logan were seriously out of health and obliged to come home. This left Miss Logan the senior member of the Mission, and the only one who knew the language. These constant changes greatly hampered the work, and but slow progress was made, though there were gleams of light. "A bright young chief came to the missionaries for a teacher for

his people, saying 'there is nothing I so much want as the Christian religion on my island.' He knew almost nothing about the religion he wanted, only he was sure he wanted it."

In 1900 Rev. Edward E. Hyde, M.D. and Mrs. Hyde went to Ruk but returned the next year, because of Mrs. Hyde's ill health. In 1903, Rev. Albert A. Jagnow went out being joined the next year by Miss Maria E. Gliewè, his promised bride. "The work is developing so fast that we cannot supply the demand for teachers" said Miss Baldwin; "in no field is there a greater return for the work done; the churches are filled, not with Christians alone, but heathen men and women come in all their filth and nakedness and paint, and they listen attentively. There are openings everywhere in the lagoon, and the boys in the Training School go out sabbath by Sabbath to tell 'all they know.'"

Other Islands: In the Mortlocks the people seemed singularly unstable. For a few years, from 1895, marvelous progress was made on nearly every island. "The contrast in the condition six years ago and now is marked," wrote Mr. Price in 1901, when he returned to make a special tour of the Ruk Lagoon and the Mortlocks, "clothing is worn by all, and in the arts of civilized life the improvement is very marked. Certain forms of vice have gone into hiding; polygamy and adultery are disgraceful; fighting and quarreling are reproved, stealing is intolerable; tobacco. profanity, and all excesses are reproved. Public sentiment is far ahead

of practice, and takes its start from the church and the Bible; with all this, the teachers were not what they should be in knowledge or spiritual earnestness, but they are sincere and loyal." They prepared a paper in which they expressed their obligations to the Board, and their gratitude: "We beg our missionaries to forgive our past offenses, and care for us as they have ever done."

Three years later, and a wave of heathenism swept the Mortlocks, and many of the Christian people went down before it. "All the stations but Kutu seem to be almost entirely given over to spirit worship and the deeds of darkness that accompany it, even the teachers having yielded to the great temptation. Only a few Christians remain faithful. At Etal the chief was out in full heathen attire; we urged him to remember his responsibility for his people, and a few days later he wrote expressing his sorrow for his conduct and saying that next year we would find him 'sitting toward religion.'"

On the other islands in the Carolines the story is brighter, and the missionaries found much to encourage them. "Many of the people have given up heathenism, and are doing some hard things for Christ's sake; it is very plain that the leaven of the gospel is in these islands. We thank God and take courage."

In April 1905 the group was again swept by a terrible cyclone, similar to that of 1891. At Kusaie the storm lasted seven hours, and when it ceased, the island was "brown as though

swept by fire; trees beheaded and uprooted by thousands; the missions were destroyed—houses, trees, everything went before the fury of the wind and rain. No one was killed, but several were injured. While our houses and earthly goods are totally destroyed, the thought uppermost in our minds is to thank God there was no loss of life."

The "Morning Star" was driven on the reef, but miraculously escaped any serious injury. The missionaries from Kusaie went to Ponape, hoping to find a refuge there, but it, too, was "a mass of destruction; twenty people had been killed and about 400 hurt." Ruk, too, suffered from the effects of the storm, but none of the missionaries were seriously injured.' "While the storm showed us God's might and power, it also showed us His love and mercy—sparing our lives, sparing the ship, and in many other ways."

CHAPTER XII

EMBARRASSMENT OF SUCCESS

GUAM. PROBLEMS. "MORNING STAR, NO. 5." WHAT NEXT

Not since the first years of its existence had the isolation of the Micronesian Mission been so keenly felt as during the Spanish-American war. The "Morning Star" did not make her usual voyage by the advice of the government, and a neutral vessel had to be found and chartered to take down the mail and supplies. This was so late in reaching the islands that provisions and patience were alike almost exhausted, and anxiety as to what they should do if the ship did not come, was added to their other burdens.

While the missionaries were wondering "what was happening in the great world" outside, a military expedition, on its way to the Philippine Islands from the United States, took possession of Guam, the most southern of the Mariana Islands. The Spanish governor was also in the dark as to what was happening in the great outside world, and when the United States war-ships steamed into the harbor, and the thunder of their guns was heard, the urbane governor apologized for not returning their salute, as he was out of ammunition! Great was his astonishment when told of the war, and

that the force was there to take the island. Thus came into the possession of the United States and the field of missionary operations one of the most beautiful and fertile islands in the Pacific, and a semi-civilized, semi-Roman Catholic, wholly priest-ridden people—where the letter of the gospel was known in a degree, but the spirit and life of it were totally absent.

In 1900 Mr. and Mrs. Price were transferred from Ruk to open the new mission at Guam, accompanied by Miss Mary A. Channell. At the time of their arrival the island had been recently devastated by a typhoon, and some difficulty was experienced in getting a house. This was finally accomplished, however, and school and religious services were at once begun. After they were fairly settled, Mr. and Mrs. Price went back to the Caroline Group to make a tour of Ruk and the Mortlocks, Miss Channell cheerfully consenting to remain alone at Agaña, in the Mission station, during their absence, and do what she could in the school and in religious work. The work proved too much for her, however, and they had been back but a short time when serious illness obliged her to give up and return home. In 1902 Rev. and Mrs. Arthur C. Logan were sent out, but they, too, remained only until the next year, and again Mr. and Mrs. Price were alone. In addition to the work they were doing for the native population, Mr. Price held regular English services for the soldiers and other Americans.

After the work began to prosper, there was

THE CHURCH AT LUKUNOR, MORTLOCK ISLANDS

an outbreak of persecution incident to an unfortunate ruling of the governor, which the Spanish priests interpreted as giving them liberty to use force against the Protestants. They stoned the Mission church, and the missionaries barely escaped injury; an appeal was made to the governor, who promptly stopped it. All the United States government officials were friendly, and this turned the tide in their favor. Little by little they won their way; two houses and a church were built, but even with improved accommodations "the room was inadequate to the growing congregation." In January, 1905, Rev. and Mrs. Herbert E. B. Case arrived to take up the work which Mr. Price was obliged to lay down, because of serious ill health. Mr. Case was favorably impressed with the opportunities for service, but questioned how far he should assume responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the English speaking people, where there was so much to be done for the natives.

It was not in Guam alone that the workers were facing the problem of what to do and what to leave undone. Much indeed was left undone by force of circumstances; they were greatly hampered by the irregular oversight they were able to give the work of the native helpers, and the churches everywhere in Micronesia. In 1900 the "Morning Star" came to San Francisco for repairs, but was found to be in so bad a condition that the vessel was sold, and the question as to what was to be done was serious. With the increased possessions of Germany in

the Pacific, means of communication with the outside world would certainly increase, while Guam was visited by United States ships at least four times a year. Should another "Morning Star" be built? What was the best and most economical method of transporting missionaries and supplies, and caring for this scattered portion of God's Kingdom? These were burning questions, which required much time and more wisdom to answer. The missionaries felt that "anything short of constant supervision of the work is fatal;" "if there is not a regular visit to all the islands, it is useless to attempt to continue the work." To this the Board gave a ready assent and added, "the missionaries should have a 'way of escape' in case of need to some civilized part; they should also have an assured source of supplies."

It was decided to hold the matter of another "Morning Star" in abeyance, and a small schooner was purchased, and made the tour of the islands in 1903. She was not large enough to do all that was necessary to be done, however, and after a four weeks tour in the Marshall group, she sailed for Kusaie, leaving Miss Hoppin to continue the voyage on a smaller schooner, owned by a native chief. Of this work, she says: "I went on a schooner hardly bigger than a boat, sleeping on deck on an affair like a low home-made bed. It was quite as hard as the deck, had a mat roof and sides, and was in appearance not unlike a dog-kennel. The chief who was captain had three wives, whose quarters were

near mine. In fact, the whole deck was a village of little kennels; when it rained we were like hermit crabs and withdrew into our shells, so to speak; when the rain stopped the sides of the hut opened and out came the occupants. I lived six weeks so, sometimes sleeping on shore on the coral stones with a mat over them, or quite often near the water in a large canoe with a cocoanut mat under me, and the stars over me.

"These chiefs have their own idea of navigation. One said: 'White men know navigation; they have studied. We don't know it; we just think the land is in such a place, and then we find it where we thought it was.'

"The experience was unique; native food, native beds, native navigation, all native companions; but the joy of being among the people and the little service I could render are among the precious things life has held for me. Almost no price would buy the memory of those days when my love and respect for these simple people grew stronger and stronger."

Such voyages bring a rich harvest in experience, and tender memories undoubtedly, but physical strength and nervous energy are too precious to be ruthlessly squandered. One remembers the remark of the austere secretary a half century previous: "Missionaries to Micronesia, my young brother, need the discipline of a voyage round the Horn!"

When the schooner returned to San Francisco she was sold, and a larger one was chartered for the voyage, as the perplexing problem of

what to do about another "Morning Star" was not yet solved. A German steamer was making several voyages each year from Sydney to Hongkong, touching at Kusaie, Ponape, and Ruk; thus the question of a "way of escape" for the missionaries was settled. But how was the work throughout the islands to be done? It was finally decided wisest to have another ship that should do the entire work among the islands. Accordingly, in 1904, a small steamer was purchased. This "Morning Star No. 5," steamed out of Boston harbor in June of that year, in command of Captain Garland, so long identified with the other "Stars," going to Micronesia via the Suez Canal. After an eventful voyage she arrived in the Caroline Islands in October, and made her initial tours through the groups, greatly to the satisfaction of the missionaries and the joy of the natives. She could move swiftly from island to island, giving opportunity for longer stays where there was need of special attention. If it had not been for the cost of her maintenance, which was unexpectedly large, the vessel would have proved altogether satisfactory to the missionaries and the Board, but it was found, greatly to the surprise of all parties, that plans for the securing of coal at the islands did not work successsully. The price of this necessity for the navigation of the vessel was exorbitant. This was a great disappointment and no method could be discovered by which the coal could be secured at such a price as would warrant the continued use of the ves-

sel. After the Star escaped from the cyclone at Kusaie in April, 1905, she came to Honolulu and consequently is no longer in commission.

The question now recurs "What shall be done for the supply of the needs of these islands?" There is no question before the American Board as to the necessity of maintaining this work, These islands have received the Gospel from the American Board and that Board will not forget them or leave them uncared for in some way. In what way, is now the question. That question is under earnest consideration and it must soon be answered. There is no question as to the success of the work. There is no question as to the joy of the missionaries in it, and the measure of their selfgiving has been told.

One of the missionaries writes of the rare opportunity to continue the conquest of this part of the island world: "Let it be a settled fact that the Mission has come to stay; that there are a thousand bright and joyous things about it; that the people are just beginning to wake up; that the Marshall and Gilbert Islands are progressing; that in the Carolines the work of Messrs Sturges, Gulick, Snow, Doane, and Logan is being carried to fruition; that these islands need men and women of large faith, good wisdom and foresight, courage, patience and Christlikeness. The character of the native teachers is determined largely by the character of the missionary who presents the truth to them. In the Gilbert and Marshall Islands all the ordained men are reflections of the Christ-

life as they saw it incarnated in Dr. Bingham, Dr. Pease, and others. We need more men like them; men who would be appreciated among the educated classes of India."

Once before, at the time of the Civil War, the expediency of continuing this Mission was seriously considered, and then as now, the missionaries begged to be allowed to remain "even if compelled to support themselves by trading." The closing words in the present appeal is a heart cry for these "pinheads of creation:"

"Let it be a settled fact that your missionaries do not intend to give up one inch of Micronesia; that they would rather work right here than anywhere else; that they know no trial or hardship, unless it were the giving up of their chosen work."

This record closes during what may be termed a transition period. Changes in methods of mission work are impending, but the work itself must go on. There is still need of faith and prayer and redoubled energy on the part of Christ's followers. God will be with us, for there comes to mind the ancient prophecy, spoken by Isaiah: "And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord will set His hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people that shall remain, from Assyria and from Egypt . . . AND FROM THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA."

APPENDIX

I Chronology

II List of Missionaries

III Micronesian Navy

IV An Annual Voyage of the Morning Star

V Statistics: By decades

I

CHRONOLOGY

1851 First missionaries sail from Boston on the "Esther May" Nov. 18
1852 Sail from Honolulu for Micronesia on the "Caroline," July 15
1852 Arrive at Kusaie Aug. 22, Ponape Sept. 6
1855 The "Caroline" sold
1856 First "Morning Star" launched in November
1857 Gilbert Islands Mission begun in November
1857 Marshall Islands Mission begun in December
1859 Printing of first Scriptures
1860 Baptism of first converts
1866 "Morning Star, No. I" sold in December
1866 "Morning Star, No. II" launched in November
1869 "Morning Star, No. II" wrecked at Kusaie in October
1871 Mokil and Pingelap occupied by native teachers
1871 "Morning Star, No. III" launched in February
1871 Gilbert and Marshall Training Schools moved to Kusaie
1873 Mortlock Islands occupied by native teachers
1879 Ruk occupied by native teachers
1882 Ponape Girls' School established
1883 "Morning Star, No. III" wrecked at Kusaie in February
1884 Ruk Mission begun
1884 "Morning Star, No. IV" launched in August
1885 Germany takes the Marshall Islands
1886 Kusaie Girls' School established
1887 Spain takes the Caroline Islands
1888 Missionaries expelled from Ponape
1889 Ruk Girls' School established
1890 The "Robert W Logan" sent to Ruk
1891 Cyclone devastates Caroline Islands
1892 Schr. "Hiram Bingham" sent to Gilbert Islands
1892 England takes Gilbert Islands
1893 Schr. "Robert W. Logan" lost at sea

"THE MORNING STAR NO. 5"

1896 Schr. "Robert W Logan, No. II" sent to Ruk
1899 Germany purchases Carolines from Spain
1899 Schr. "Robert W. Logan" wrecked in Mortlocks in December
1900 Regular steamers touch at Islands
1900 "Morning Star, No. IV" sold
1900 Ponape Mission reopened
1900 Guam Mission begun
1902 Jubilee of Missions at Kusaie and Ponape
1904 "Morning Star, No. V" purchased
1905 Cyclone devastates Caroline Islands

II

MISSIONARIES

Field	*Name*	*Service*	*Died*
Kusaie	Abell, Miss Annie E.	1892–01	
Ruk	Baldwin, Jane D.	1898–	
Ruk	Baldwin, Elizabeth	1898–	
Gilbert I.	Bingham, Hiram, D.D.	1857–	
Gilbert I.	Bingham, Minerva Brewster	1857–03	1903
Kusaie	Cathcart, Lillian S.	1881–87	
Guam	Channell, Mary A.	1900–02	
Gilbert I.	*Channon, Irving M.	1890–	
Gilbert I.	*Channon, Mary Goldsbury	1890–	
Guam	Case, Herbert E. B.	1904–	
Guam	Case, Ada Rogers	1904–	
Kusaie	Crosby, E. Theodora	1886–98	
Ponape	Doane, Edward T.	1855–90	1890
Ponape	Doane, Sarah Wilbur	1855–62	1862
Ponape	Doane, Clara Strong	1865–73	
Ponape	Forbes, John J.	1889–89	1889
Ponape	Forbes, Rachel Crawford	1889–94	
Ruk	Foster, Geo. I.	1895–00	
Ponape	Foss, Ida C.	1890–	
Ponape	Fletcher, Jennie E.	1882–97	1906
Ponape	Gulick, Luther H.	1852–62	1892
Ponape	Gulick, Louisa Lewis	1852–62	1894
Ponape	Gray, Thomas	1900–	
Ponape	Gray, Leta Danby	1900–	
Kusaie	Hoppin, Jessie R.	1890–	

* Headquarters on Kusaie, C. I.

Field	*Name*	*Service*	*Died*
Ponape	Houston, Albert S.	1882–84	1899
Ponape	Houston, Elizabeth Danskin	1882–84	
Ruk	Hyde, Edward E., M.D.	1900–02	
Ruk	Hyde, Mabel Selleck	1900–02	
Kusaie	Heminway, Lydia E.	1886–87	
Ponape	Ingersoll, Lucy M., M.D.	1887–90	
Ruk	Jagnow, Albert A.	1903–	
Ruk	Jagnow, Maria Gliewe	1903–	
Ruk	Kinney, Rose M.	1890–97	
Kusaie	Little, Alice C.	1888–95	
Ponape-Ruk	Logan, Robert W.	1874–87	1887
Ponape-Ruk	Logan, Mary Fenn	1874–99	1899
Ruk	Logan, Beulah	1897–00	
Guam	Logan, Arthur C.	1902–03	
Guam	Logan, Alice Price	1902–03	
Kusaie	Olin, Jennie	1897–	
Ponape	Palmer, Annette A.	1884–06	1906
Marshall I. Kusaie	Pease, Edmund M., M.D.	1877–	
Marshall I. Kusaie	Pease, Harriet Sturtevant	1877–	
Ponape Marshall I.	Pierson, George, M.D.	1855–60	1895
Ponape Marshall I.	Pierson, Nancy Shaw	1855–60	1892
Ruk-Guam	Price, Francis M.	1894–	
Ruk-Guam	Price, Sarah Freeborn	1894–	
Ponape	Rand, Frank E.	1874–94	
Ponape	Rand, Carrie Foss	1874–94	
Marshall I.	*Rife, Clinton F.	1894–	
Marshall I.	*Rife, Isadore Roté	1894–	
Ponape	Roberts, Ephraim P.	1858–61	1893
Ponape	Roberts, Myra Farrington	1858–61	
Kusaie	Smith, Sarah L.	1886–01	
Ruk	Snelling, Alfred	1888–96	1905
Ruk	Snelling, Elizabeth Weymer	1889–96	
Kusaie Marshall I.	Snow, Benjamin G.	1852–78	1880
Kusaie Marshall I.	Snow, Lydia Buck	1852–82	1887
Ruk	Stimson, Martin L.	1898–	
Ruk	Stimson, Emily Hall	1898–	
Ponape	Sturges, Albert A.	1852–84	1887
Ponape	Sturges, Susan Thompson	1852–81	1893
Gilbert I.	Taylor, Horace J.	1874–83	
Gilbert I.	Taylor, Julia Rudd	1874–75	1875

* Headquarters on Kusaie, C. I.

Field	*Name*	*Service*	*Died*
Gilbert I.	Taylor, Jennie Rudd	1877–81	1881
Ruk	Treiber, Daniel J.	1887–89	
Ruk	Treiber, Rose Standish	1877–89	
Gilbert I.	Walkup, Alfred C.	1880–	
Gilbert I.	Walkup, Lavinia Barr	1880–88	1888
Marshall I.	Whitney, Joel F.	1871–81	
Marshall I.	Whitney, Louisa Bailey	1871–81	
Kusaie	Wilson, Louisa E.	1893–	

III

THE MICRONESIAN NAVY

1 The "CAROLINE" 1852–1855

A small schooner purchased in Honolulu to take down the first missionaries It was sold three years later, as inadequate to the work

2 "MORNING STAR, No. I." 1856–1866.

A brigantine launched at Chelsea, Mass., Nov. 12, 1856. Cost, $18,351; children gave $28,525. Sold in 1866, as a better ship was needed for the work.

3. "MORNING STAR, No. II." 1866–1869.

Launched at East Boston, Mass., Sept. 22, 1866. Cost $23,406; children gave $28,792. Wrecked at Kusaie March 8, 1869.

4. "MORNING STAR, No. III." 1871–1883.

A brig, launched at East Boston, Mass., Jan. 26, 1871. Cost $28,462, of which $19,087 was insurance on previous vessel; children gave the remainder. Wrecked at Kusaie Feb. 22, 1883.

5. "MORNING STAR, No. IV." 1884–1901.

Barkentine with auxiliary steam power. Launched Bath, Me., Aug. 6, 1884. Cost $44,280.62; children gave $47,348.90. Sold, as unfit for further service, February, 1901.

6. "MORNING STAR, No. V." 1903–1905.

Steamer. Sailed from Boston, Mass., June 11, 1904. Cost $37,000. Out of commission July, 1905.

7. The "ROBERT W. LOGAN, No. I." 1890–1894.

Schooner, launched at San Francisco, Aug. 10, 1890. Cost $5,000. Used for work in the Ruk Lagoon and the Mortlock Islands. Lost at sea Aug., 1894.

8. The "ROBERT W. LOGAN, No. II." 1895–1898.

Schooner, launched at San Francisco, Nov. 16, 1895. Cost $5,000. Wrecked in Mortlocks Nov. 30, 1898.

9. The "HIRAM BINGHAM." 1892.

Schooner with gasoline engine. Used by Mr. Walkup for touring in the Gilbert Islands. Cost about $5,000.

IV

DISTANCES TRAVERSED BY THE "MORNING STAR"

Honolulu	to San Francisco ..... miles	2,100
"	to Hongkong	4,800
"	to Tahiti	2,380
"	to Sydney	4,480
"	to Tapiteuea	2,000
"	to Yokohama	3,404
"	to Panama	2,406
"	to Auckland	3,810
"	to Ruk	1,077
"	to Kusaie	2,645

GILBERT GROUP

Tapiteuea to Nonouti	40
Nonouti to Apemama	70
Apemama to Maiana	85
Maiana to Marakei	60